THE EXPLORERS

A MUSICAL COMEDY

LYRICS BY

BERT LESTON TAYLOR

MUSIC BY

WALTER H. LEWIS

M. WITMARK & SONS
NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON
VIENNA LEIPZIG SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO
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"THE EXPLORERS"

A MUSICAL COMEDY
in Two Acts.

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BERT LESTON TAYLOR

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VOCAL SCORE.

Price $2.00 net.
6/-

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The Explorers.

A MUSICAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

Under Dearborn Theatre Management.
Direction of W. W. Tillotson.

Book and Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Bonaparte Hunter,	Professor of Boneology, University of Oklahoma	RICHARD CARLE.
Lieut. S. Max Nix,	a Polar explorer and Aerial Musician	KNOX WILSON.
M'lle Qui Vive,	"Queen of the Lions".	RUTH WHITE.
Maizie Fields,	an Iowa Corn Queen	AGNES PAUL.
Ananias F Dubbe,	the human X-Ray reporter of "Morning Glory"	CARLTON KING.
Handem Afew,	"The Scourge of the Hills"	WM. RILEY HATCH.
A. Grouch,	who doesn't like graphophones	WM. B. ROCK.
Mrs. Fuller-Prunes,	president of the Woman's Science Club	JOSIE INTROPIDI.
Captain Moutard,	of the French Marines	HENRY TRUAX.
Adam Skinsky,	a circus freak manager.	RICHARD J. MOYE.
Sapphira Smart,	a hotel stenographer	ROSE LESLIE.
Josh. Drummers,	Clerk of Hotel Limit	JOSEPH I. SULLIVAN.
Jack Potts,	a travelling Salesgentleman.	HENRY TRAUX.
Night Hawk,	Captain of a sea going hack	JOHN RYAN.
Daisy Kicker,	the pride of the Ballet	LUELLA DREW.
Sleepless Bill,	a detective, "You can't fool him"	JOHN HYNES.
Phil. Baggs,	a letter carrier	LON ALLEN.
I. Mc Cop,	a Policeman "Honest"	HILLIARD CAMPBELL.
Oliver Sudden,	a working hotel porter	FRANK FORTHY.
Hanx Weidig,	one of the Band	A. HUTCHINS.
Will E. Come,	only a waiter	FRED HALE.
Willie Hurry,	a messenger boy	ETHEL JOHNSON.

Bell Boys, Mayonnaise Marines, Lion Tamers, Tribesmen, French Zouaves, Kindergartners etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

ACT I. Tamatave, Madagascar, the morning of New Year's Day.
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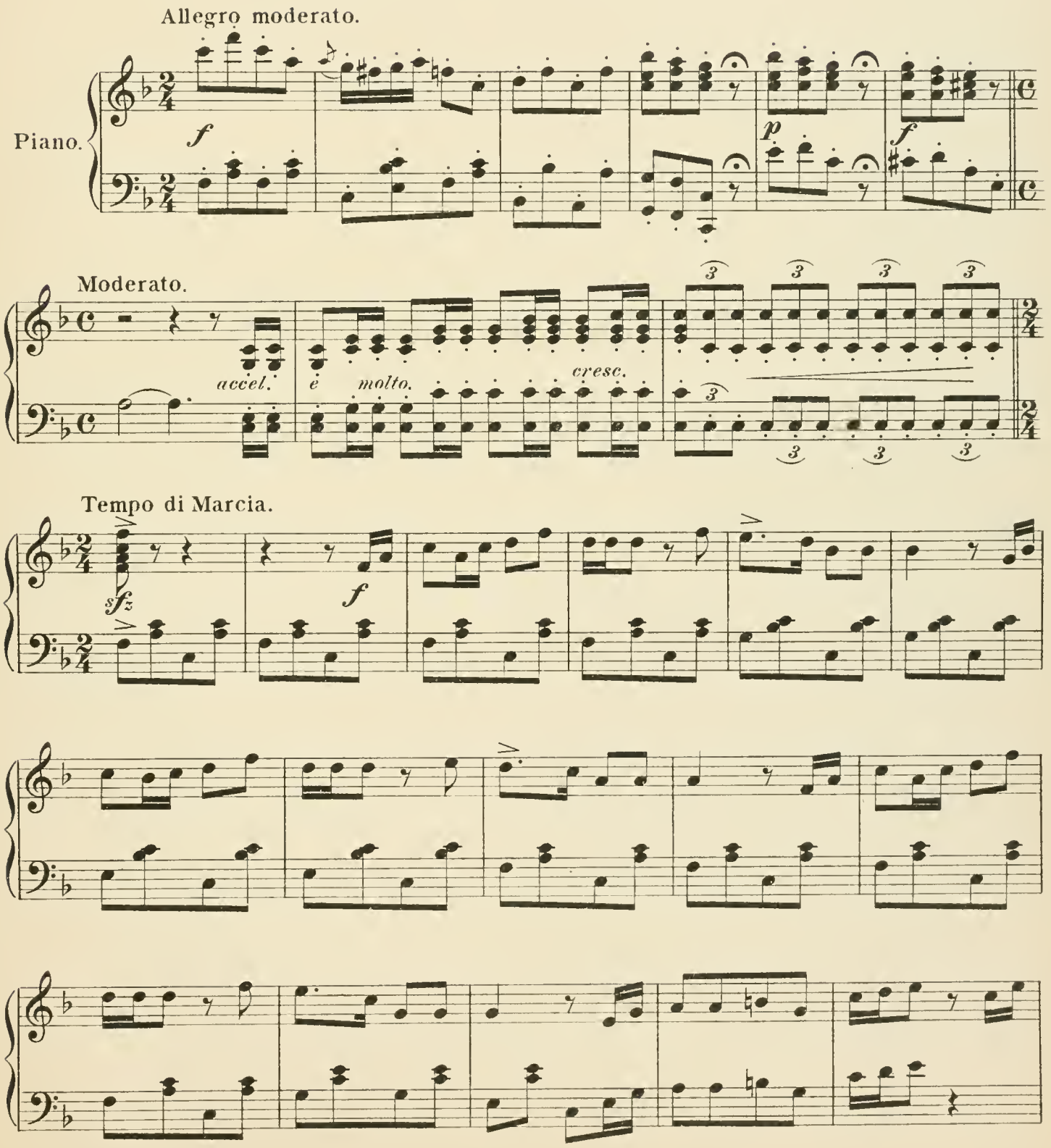
The Explorers.

A MUSICAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Overture.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.



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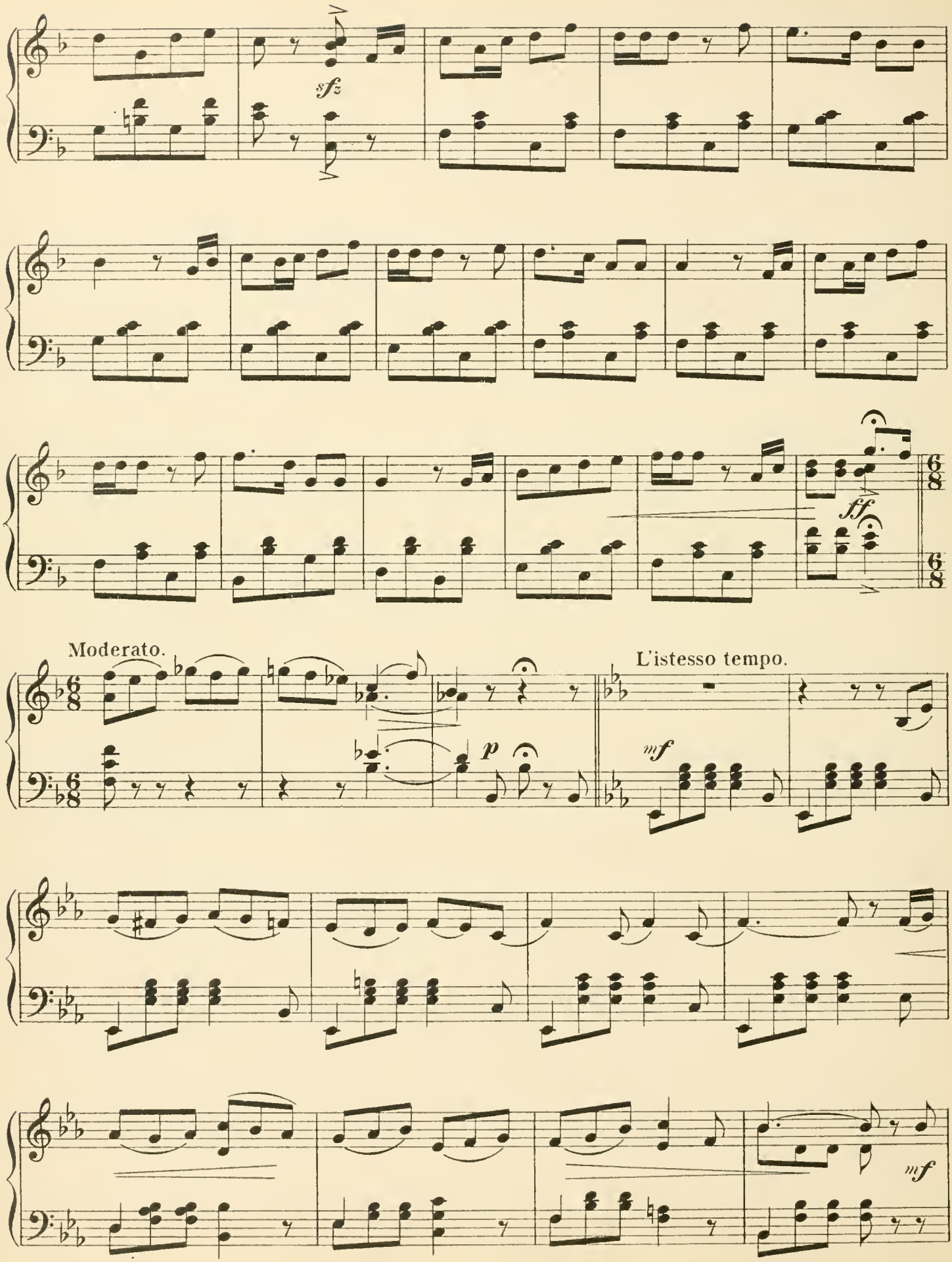
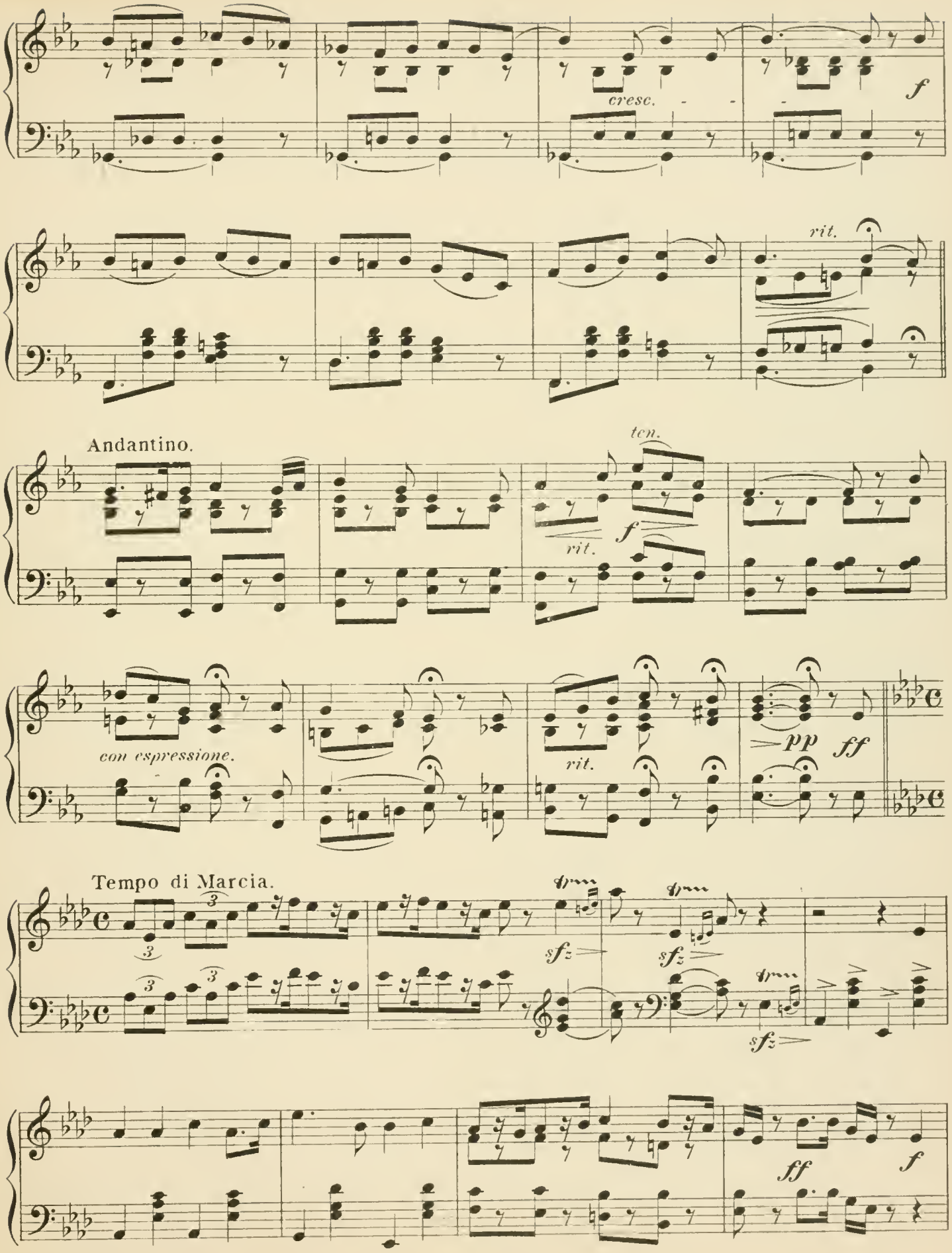
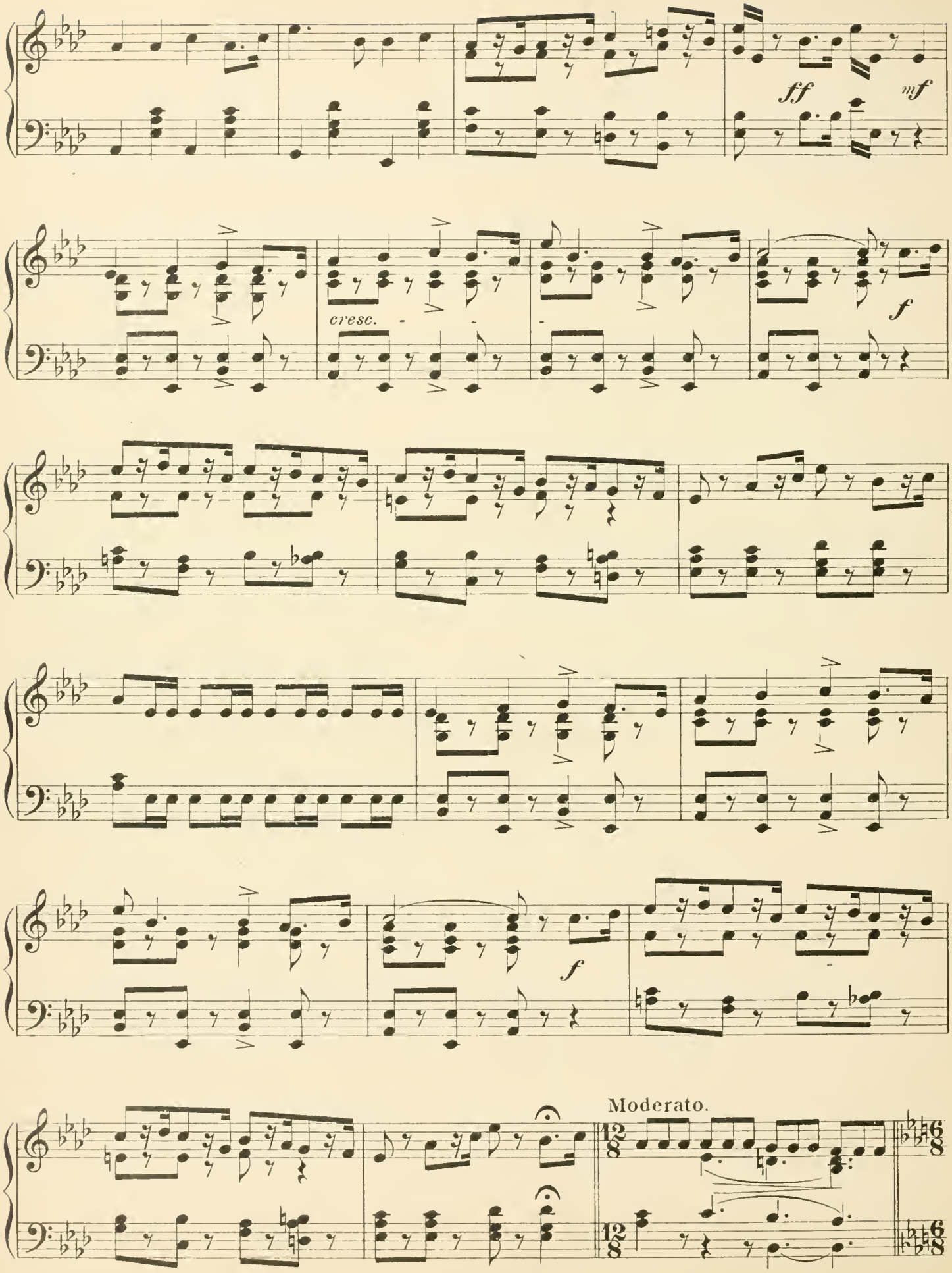
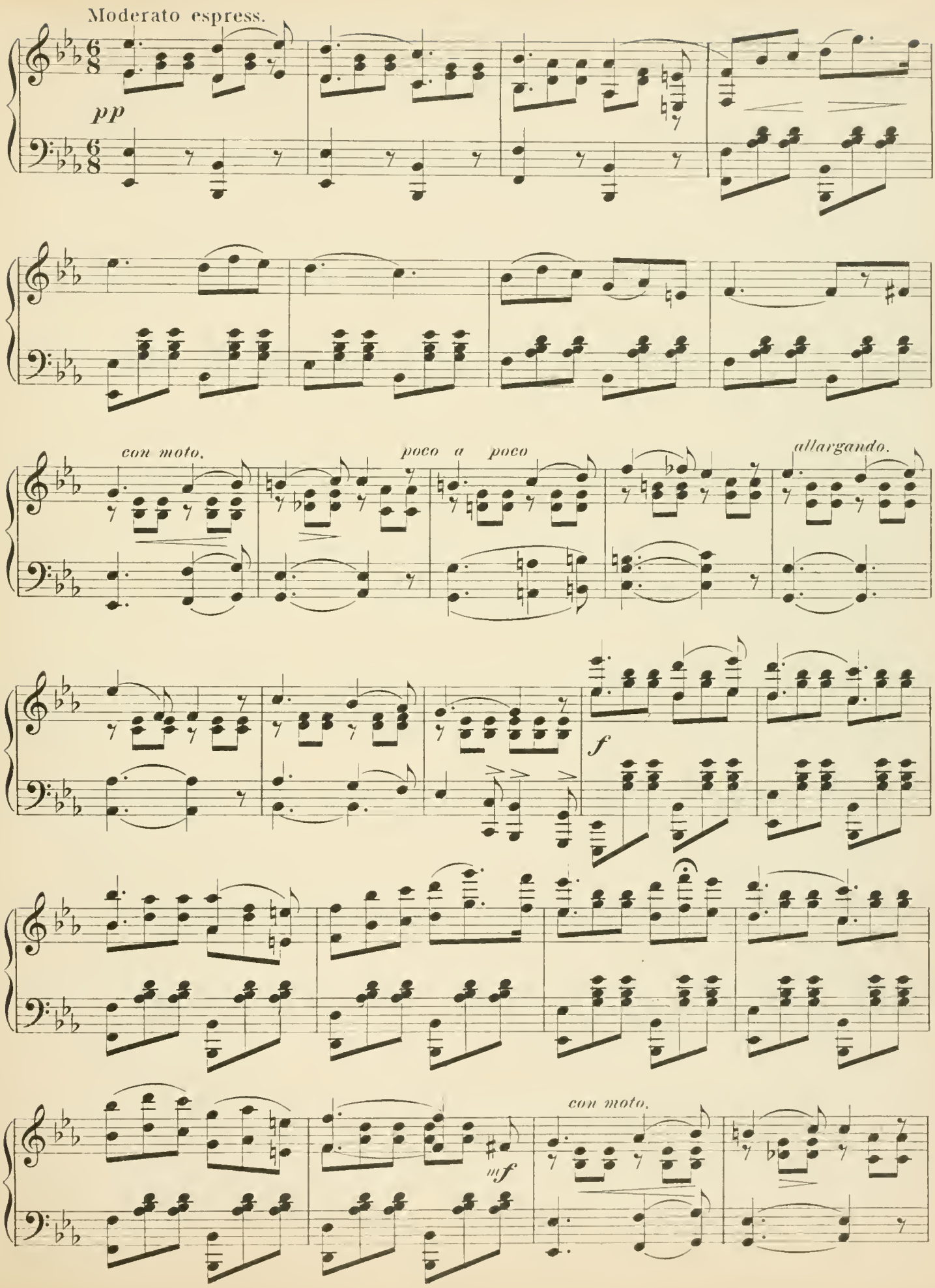
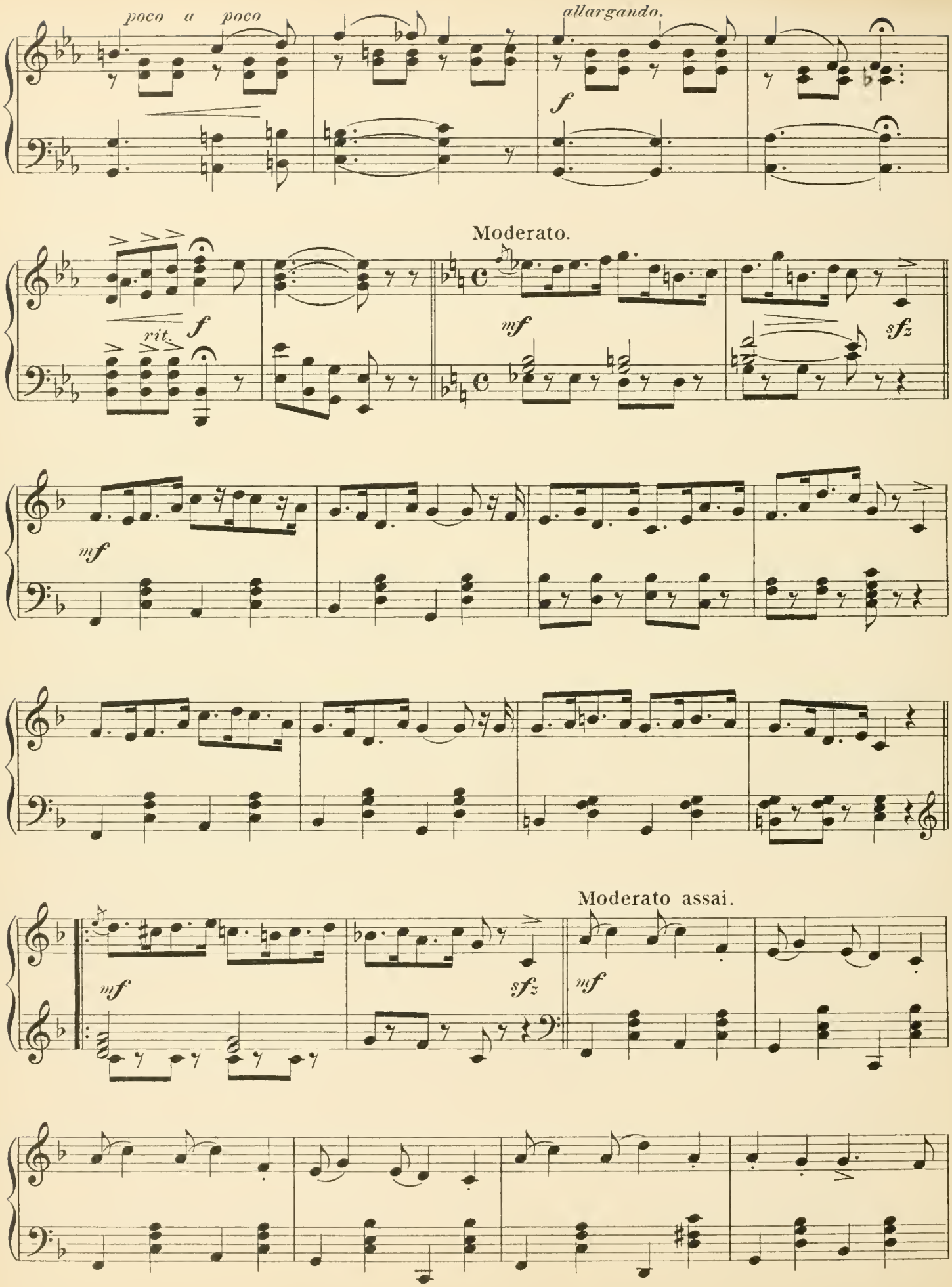
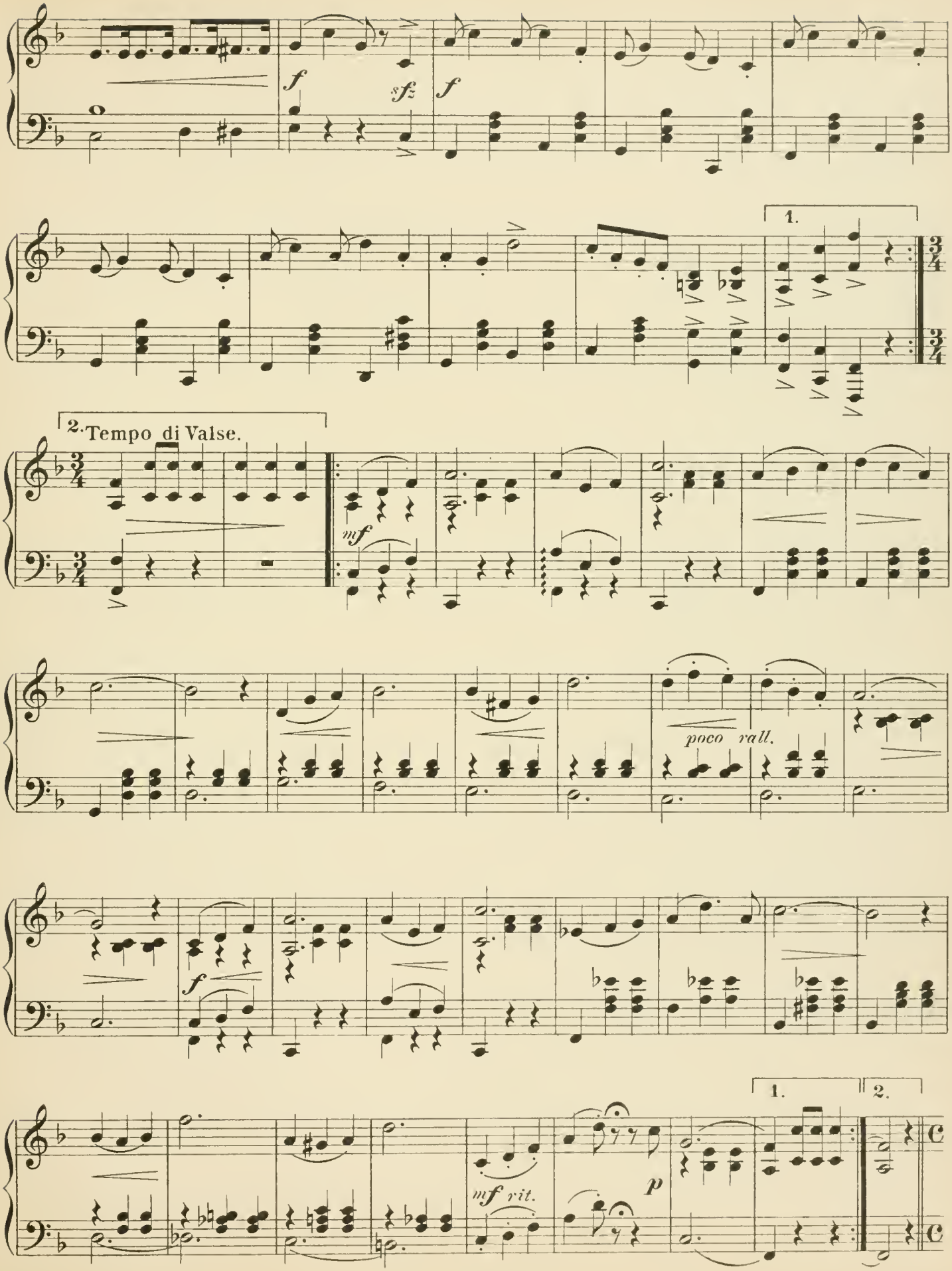

sfz
ff
Moderato.
p
L'istesso tempo.
mf
mf

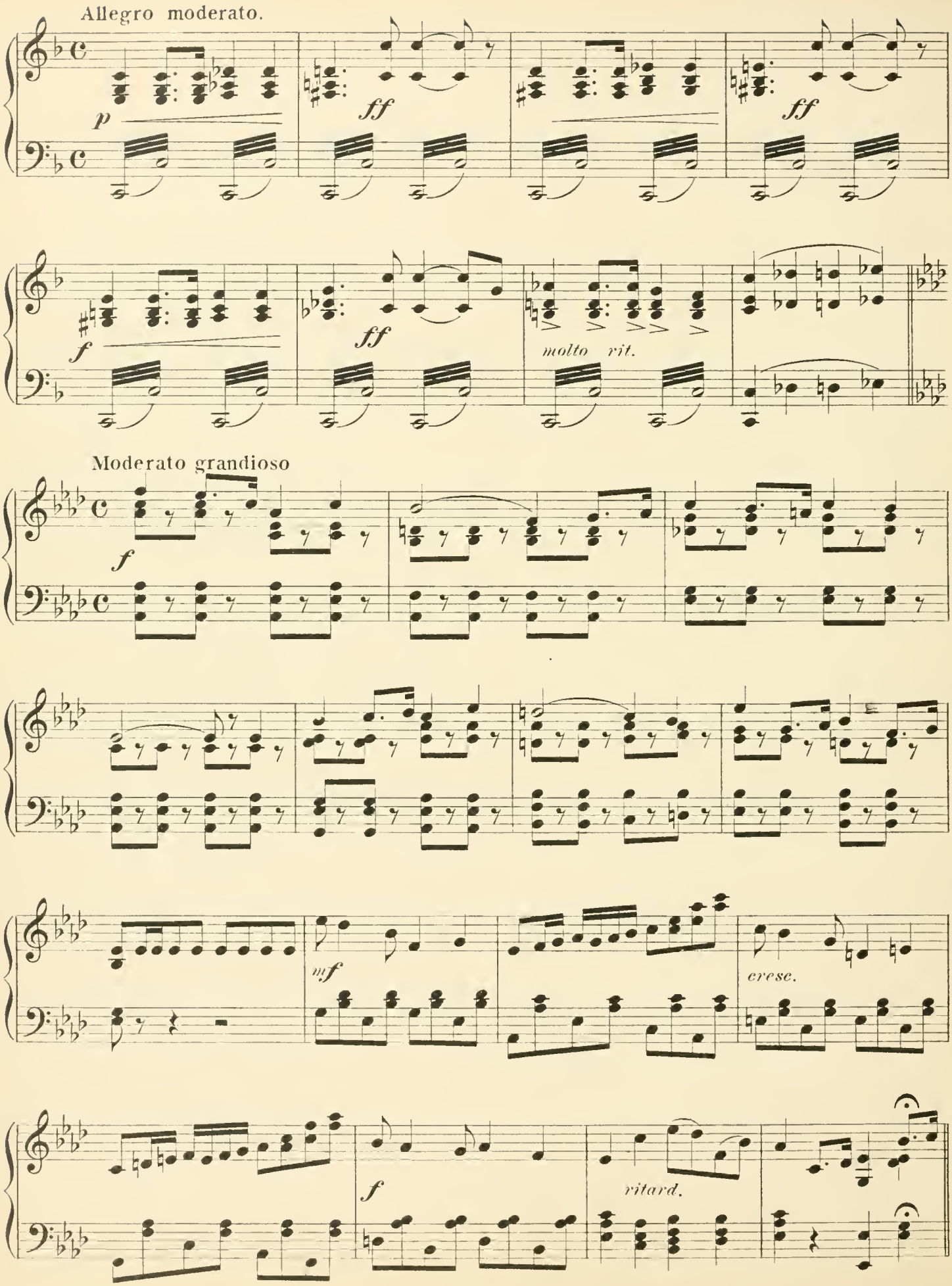

cresc.
f
rit.
Andantino.
ten.
f
rit.
con espressione.
rit.
pp
ff
Tempo di Marcia.
sfz
sfz
sfz
ff
f

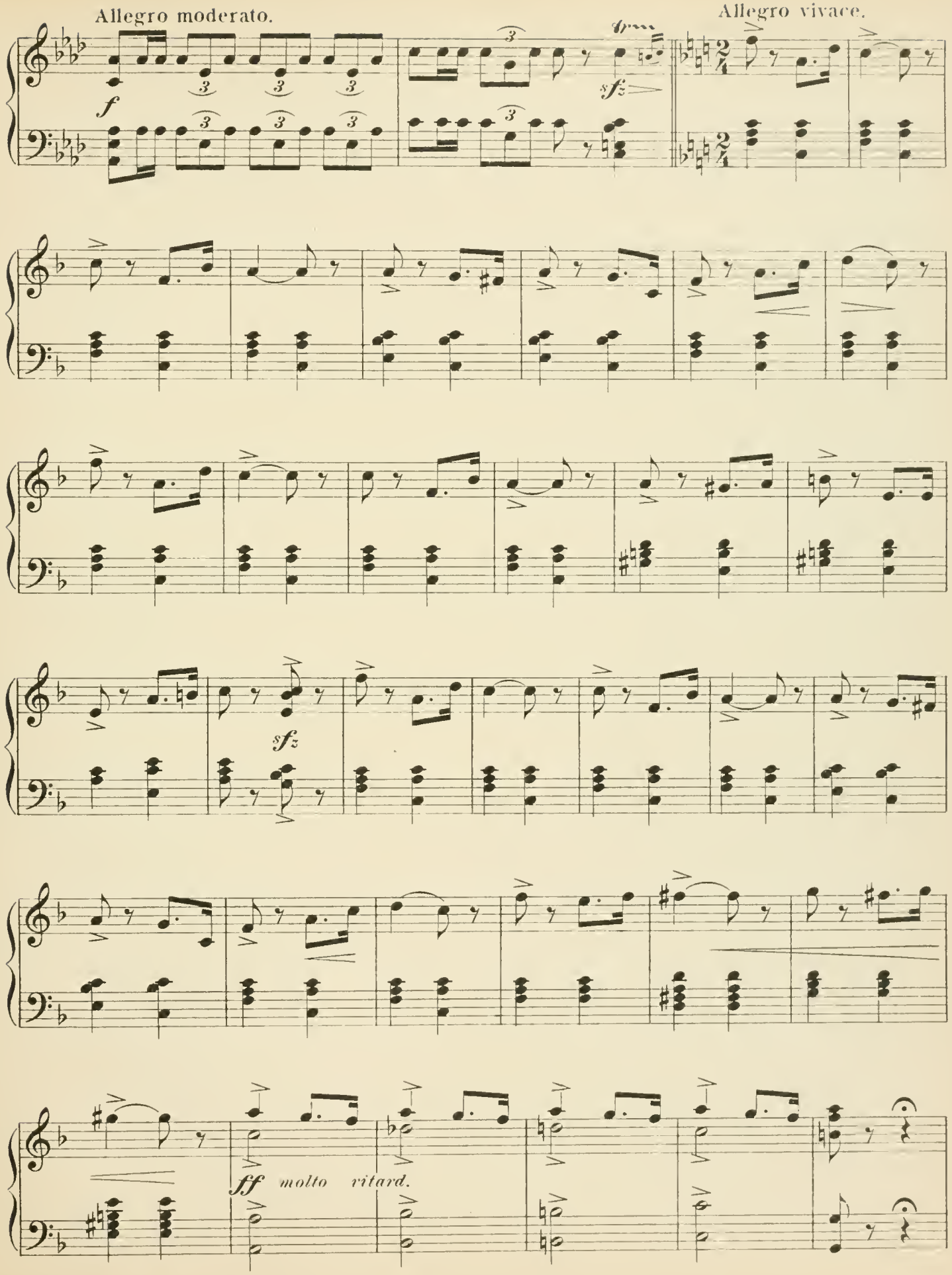

ff
mf
cresc.
f
f
Moderato.

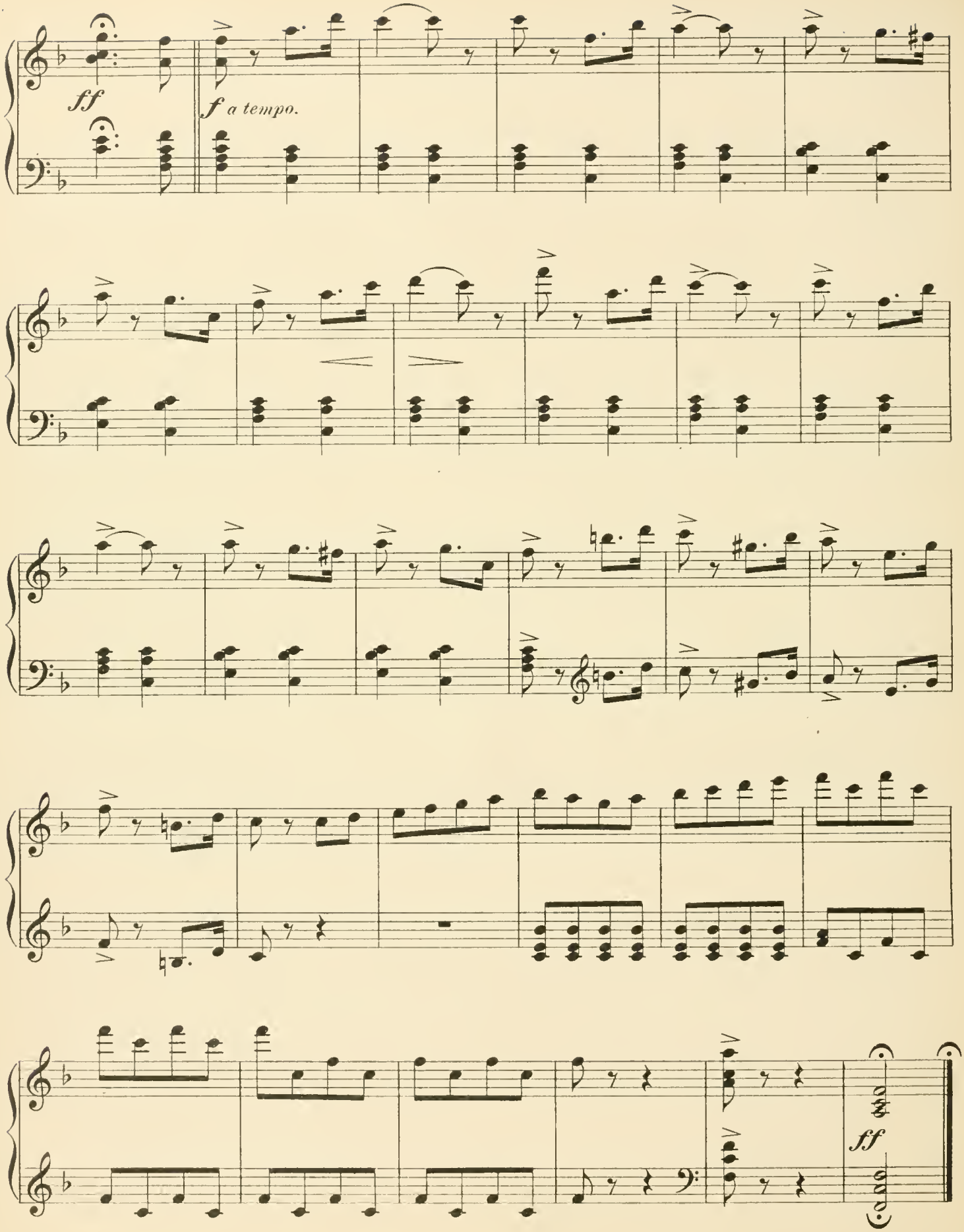

Moderato espress.
pp
con moto.
poco a poco
allargando.
f
con moto.
mf


poco a poco
allargando.
f
Moderato.
rit.
f
mf
sfz
mf
mf
sfz
Moderato assai.
mf


f
sfz
f
1.
2. Tempo di Valse.
mf
poco rall.
f
mf rit.
p
1.
2.


Allegro moderato.
p
ff
ff
f
ff
molto rit.
Moderato grandioso
f
mf
cresc.
f
ritard.


Allegro moderato.
Allegro vivace.
f
sfz
sfz
ff molto ritard.


ff
f a tempo.
ff

ACT I.

Opening Chorus.

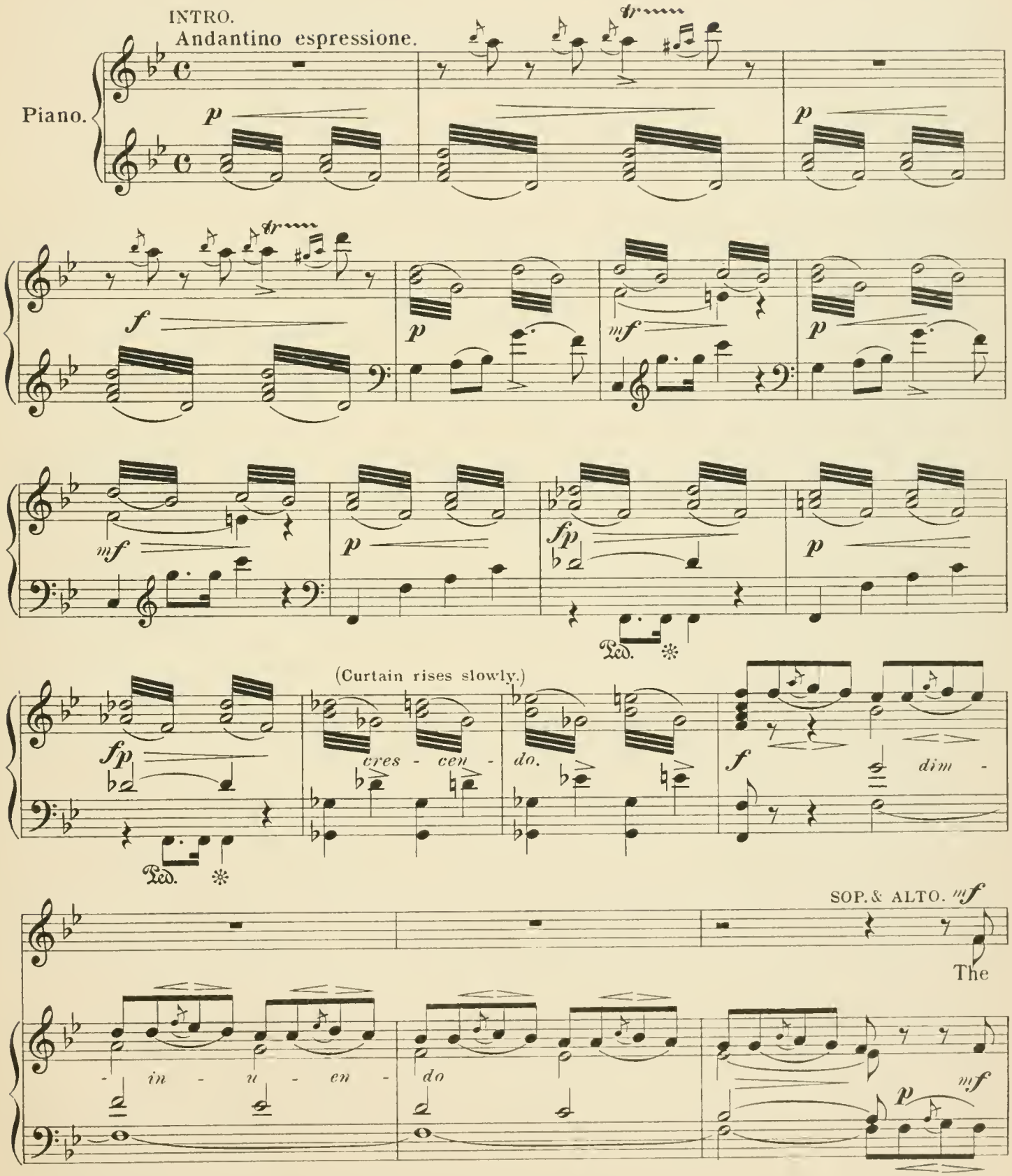
No 1.

The Tropic Night is Past.

(Madagascar Maidens.)

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.



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trop - ic night is past, The stars fade from their sta - tions. On

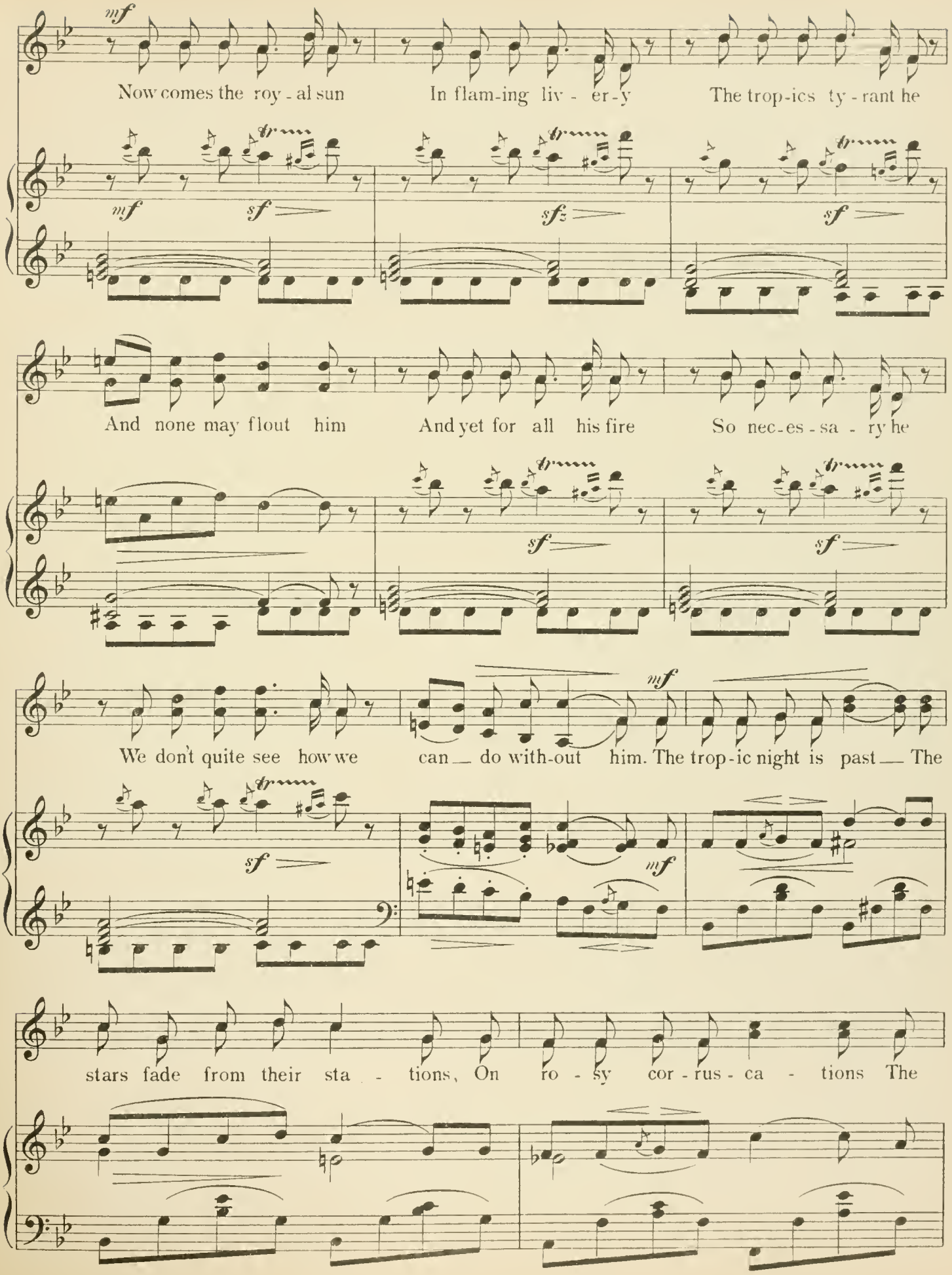
ro - sy cor - rus - ca - tions The dawn ad - vanc - es. Song

ush - ers in the day Birds sing on ev' - ry hand, As

f

o - ver sea and land The rose light danc - es.

f


mf
Now comes the roy - al sun
In flam-ing liv - er-y
The trop-ics ty - rant he
mf
sf
sfz
sf
And none may flout him
And yet for all his fire
So nec-es - sa - ry he
sf
sf
We don't quite see how we
can do with-out
him. The trop-ic night is past The
mf
sf
mf
stars fade from their sta - tions, On
ro - sy cor - rus - ca - tions The

dawn ad - vanc - es. Song ush - ers in the day Birds

sing on ev' - ry hand As o - ver sea and land The

(Boat of marines puts in to quay.)

rose light danc - es.

mf

p

accel. e molto cresc.

SOP. & ALTO.

Allegro moderato.

CHORUS.

ff Hail! ma - jes - ty. Though oft - en we would flout thee

TEN. & BASS.

ff

We do not see How we can do with - out thee.

f

Hail! ma - jes - ty. Though oft - en we would flout thee

We do not

ff We do not see, We do not, do not see we do not

We do not, do not see we do not see

ff

see, we do not see how we can do with - out thee

f

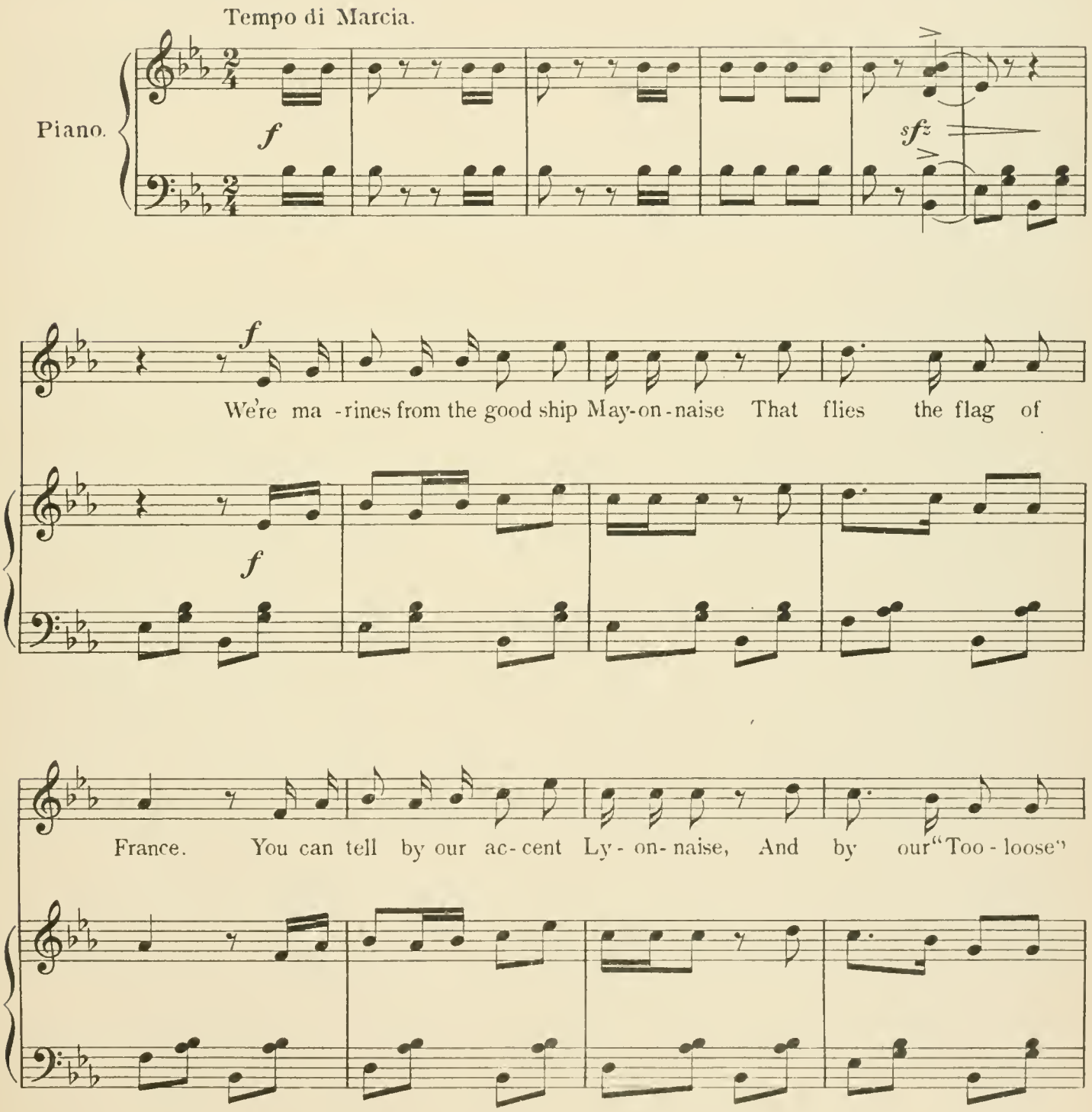
The Mayonnaise Marines.

№ 2.

Chorus.

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.



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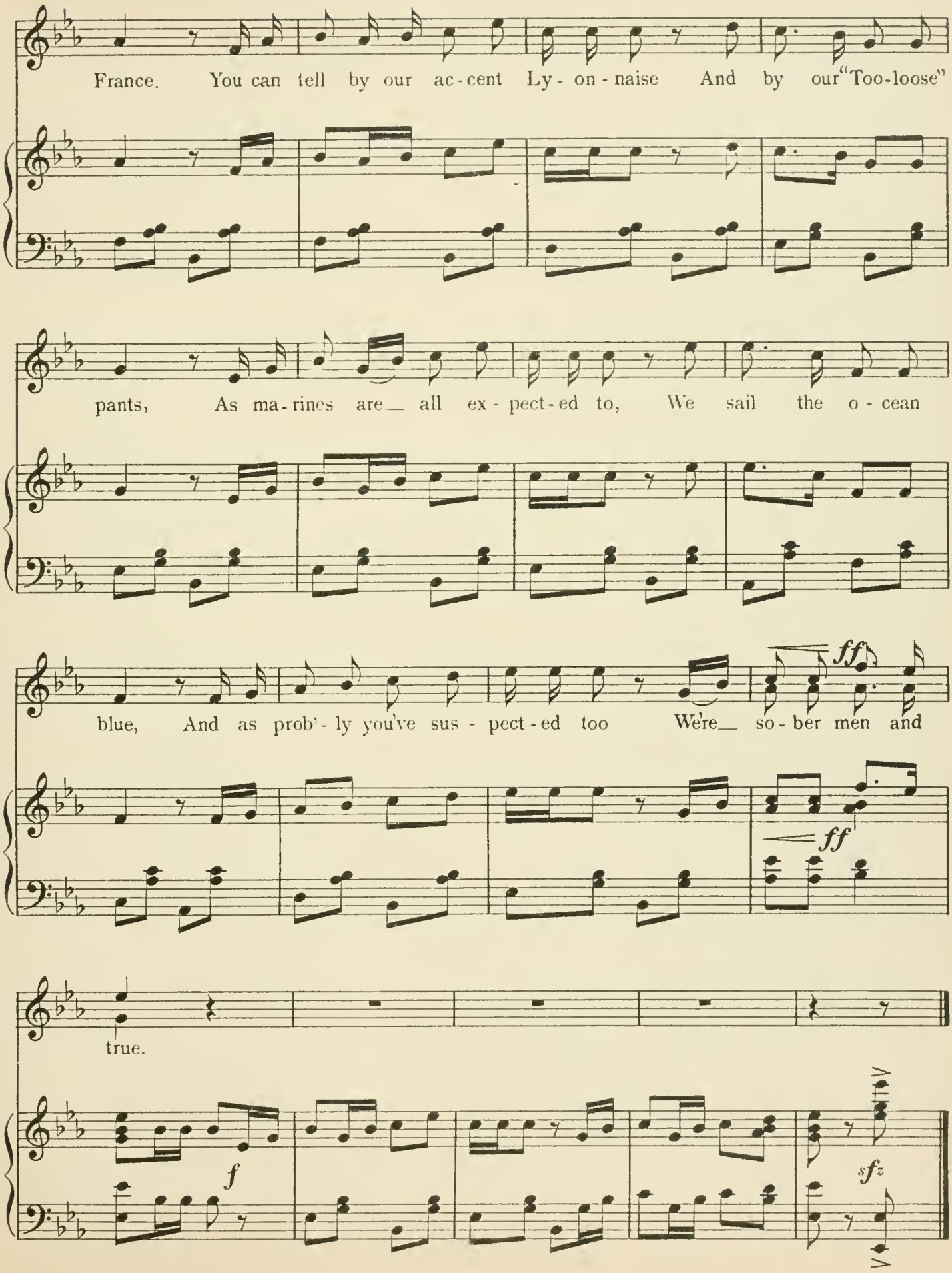
pants; As ma - rines are all ex - pect - ed to, We

sail the o - cean blue, And as prob' - ly you've sus -

pect - ed too We're so - ber men and true. We're ma -

sfz

rines from the good ship May - on - naise That flies the flag of



3878 Mayonnaise Marines.

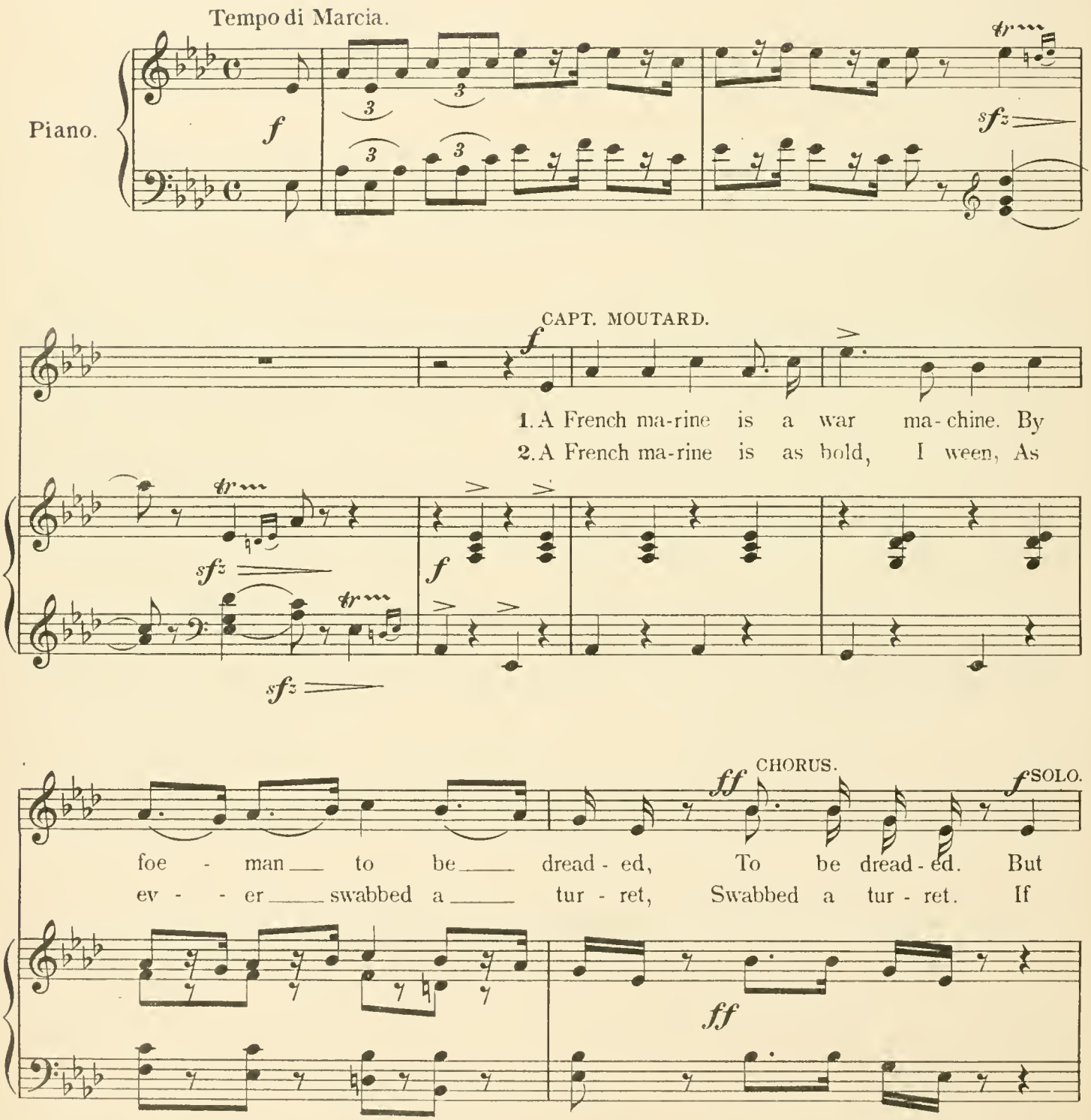
A French Marine Ashore.

No. 3.

Captain Moutard and Chorus.

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.



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when a - shore there's no one more Light heart - - ed or light
there's a fight a - ny - where in sight He's al - - ways up and

ff CHORUS *mf* SOLO. *cresc.*

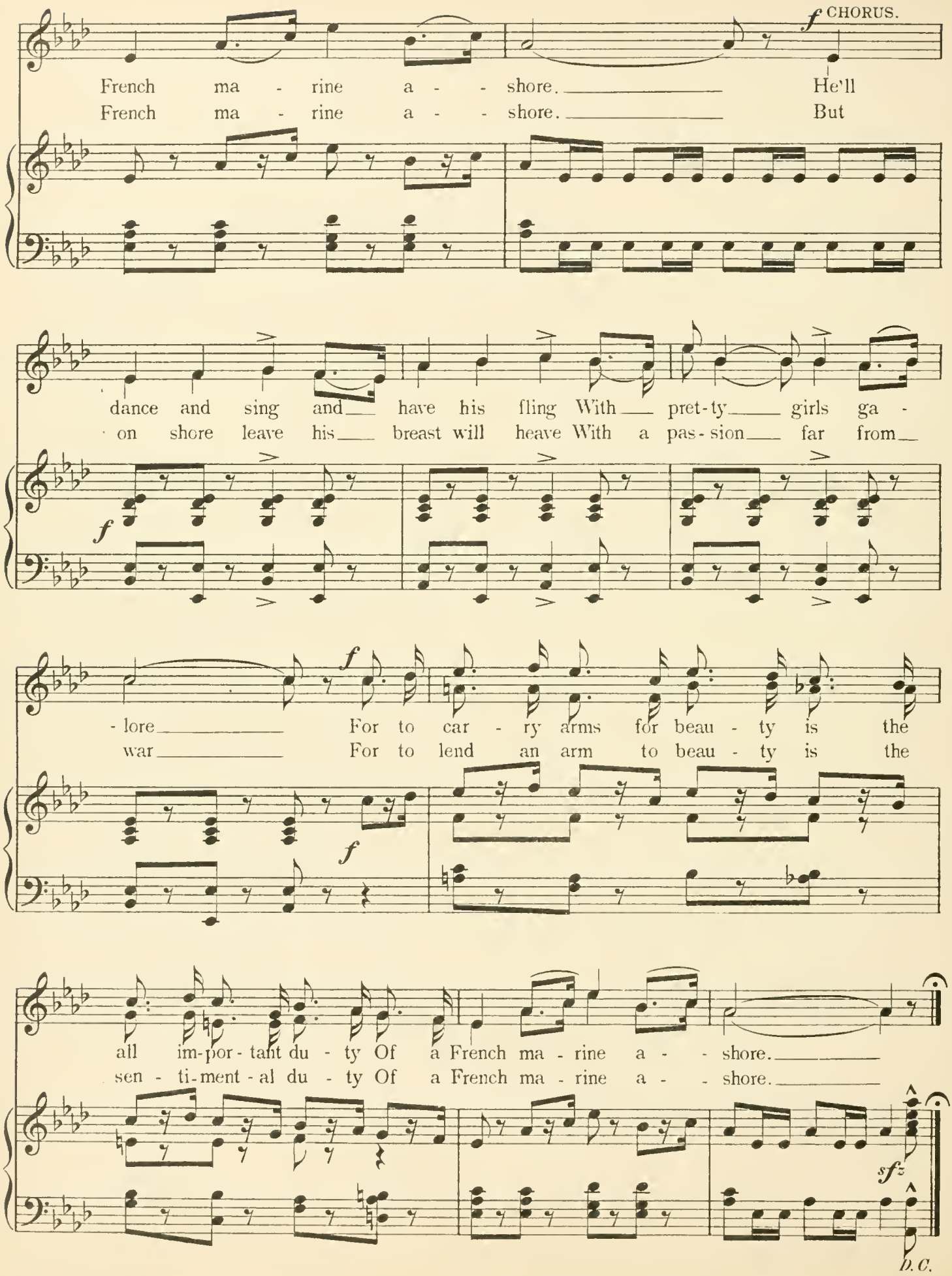
head - ed, Or light head - ed. He'll dance and sing and
for it, Up and for it. But on shore leave his

ff *mf* *cresc.*

have his fling With pret - ty girls ga - - lore For to
breast will heave With a pas - sion far from war For to

f *f*

car - ry arms for beau - ty is the all im - por - tant du - ty Of a
lend an arm to beau - ty is the sen - ti - men - tal du - ty Of a


f CHORUS.
French ma - rine a - - shore. He'll
French ma - rine a - - shore. But
dance and sing and have his fling With pret-ty girls ga -
on shore leave his breast will heave With a pas-sion far from
f
- lore For to car - ry arms for beau - ty is the
war For to lend an arm to beau - ty is the
f
f
all im-por-tant du - ty Of a French ma - rine a - - shore.
sen - ti-ment-al du - ty Of a French ma - rine a - - shore.
sfz
D.C.

The Things I Didn't See.

No 4.

TOPICAL SONG.

(S. Max Nix and Chorus.)

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.

Allegretto.

Piano.

mf

S. MAX NIX.

My name is S. Max Nix, I come the south pole by— I
The pole is yet the cold - est place al - read - y I— have
A - mong the things I did - n't find which lost me in— sur -

guess?— And now I go U - ni - ted States To
found.— Which way you look the i - ci - cles stick
prise— No trees and flow - ers came to me where-

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make a lec - ture, yes? And if you would to
up from out the ground. The mer - cu - ry is
ev - er went my eyes. From which I ob - ser -

hear it wish, A - round me stand - ing get. While
out of sight At nine - ty - nine be - low The
va - tion and from what I learn by ear The

l, from me to you some-thing Will talk al - read - y yet.
rea - son is be - cause I think There's so much ice and snow.
rea - son is be - cause I think The clim - ate's too se - vere.

SOP. & ALTO.
CHORUS.

f

As we would like to hear it we a - round him stand - ing
Now is - n't it re - mark - a - ble that so much ice and
That flow - er's will not grow on ice is sure - ly ver - y

f

TEN. & BASS.

f

get While he from him to us will tell some -
snow Should cause the mer - cu - ry to fall To
queer The rea - son is be - cause we think the

1. & 2. 3.

thing al - read - y yet.
nine - ty - nine be - low D.S.
cli - mate's too se - -vere.

f D.S. *sfz*

The Funny Bone of a Mastodon.

No 5.

(Hunter and Chorus.)

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.

Allegretto.

Piano.

f *mf*

mf HUNTER. CHORUS. *f*

I am a Pa-le-on-tol-o-gist. 'On-tol-o-gist, 'On-
I am a Pa-le-on-tol-o-gist. 'On-tol-o-gist, 'On-

f

HUNTER.

tol-o-gist, Of ev'-ry an-i-mal on the list I've picked a bone or
tol-o-gist, But I've been cuddled and I've been kissed the same as all of

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CHORUS.

f

two.— I've dug for bones from sea to sea, From sea to sea, From
you.— Al - though an an - ti - qua - ri - an, 'Ti - qua - ri - an, 'Ti -

f

mf HUNTER.

sea to sea. And fin - er spe - ci - mens, you'll a - gree, Were
qua - ri - an. I'm no oc - to - gen - a - ri - an, But

mf

mf

nev - er shown to you.— Now here is the tooth of a beast un - couth That
on - ly fif - ty two.— I'm fond of a glass and a bright eyed lass, When

mf

lived when A - dam was a youth. And here is the horn that did a - dorn, The
pleas - ure deals I nev - er pass. I'm fond of a joke, en - joy a smoke, In

cresc.

clas - sic brow of a u - ni - corn. Be-hold a bit of a be - he - moth, The
fact, I'm just like oth - er folk. And the on - ly thing I'm daf - fy on Is the

cresc.

f

wis - dom tooth of a gi - ant sloth, But the fun-ni - est thing you
fun - ny bone of a mas - to - don The on - ly thing I'm

f

look up - on Is the fun - ny bone of a mas - to - don, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
daf - fy on Is the fun - ny bone of a mas - to - don, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha. The fun - ny bone of a mas - to - don.
ha, ha, ha. The fun - ny bone of a mas - to - don.

SOP. & ALTO. CHORUS.

f

Be - hold the tooth of a beast un - couth, That lived when A - dam
He's fond of a glass and a bright eyed lass, When pleas - ure deals he'll

TEN. & BASS.

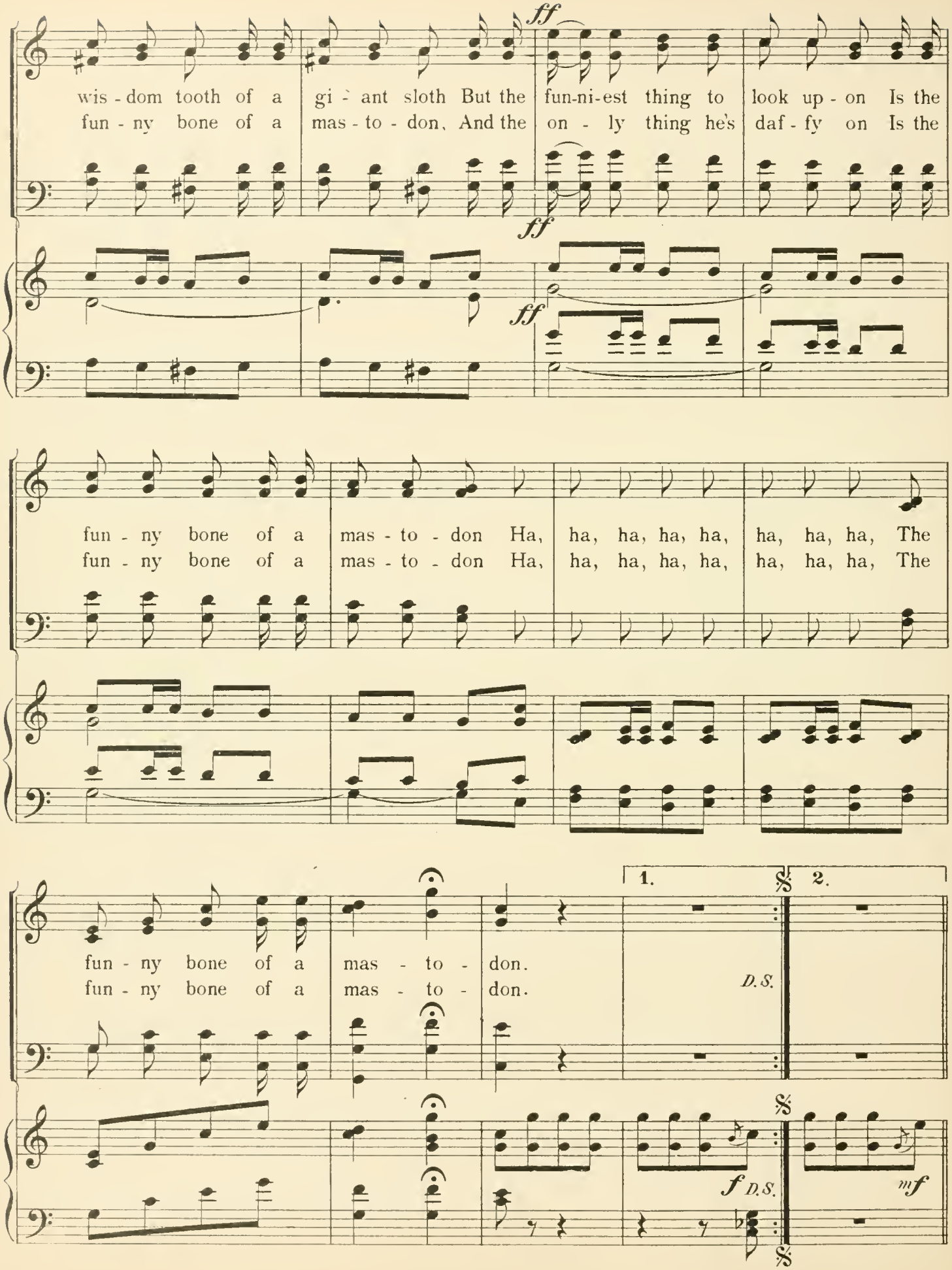
f

was a youth, Be - hold the horn that did a - dorn The clas - sic brow of a
nev - er pass, He's fond of a joke, en - joys a smoke, In fact he's just like

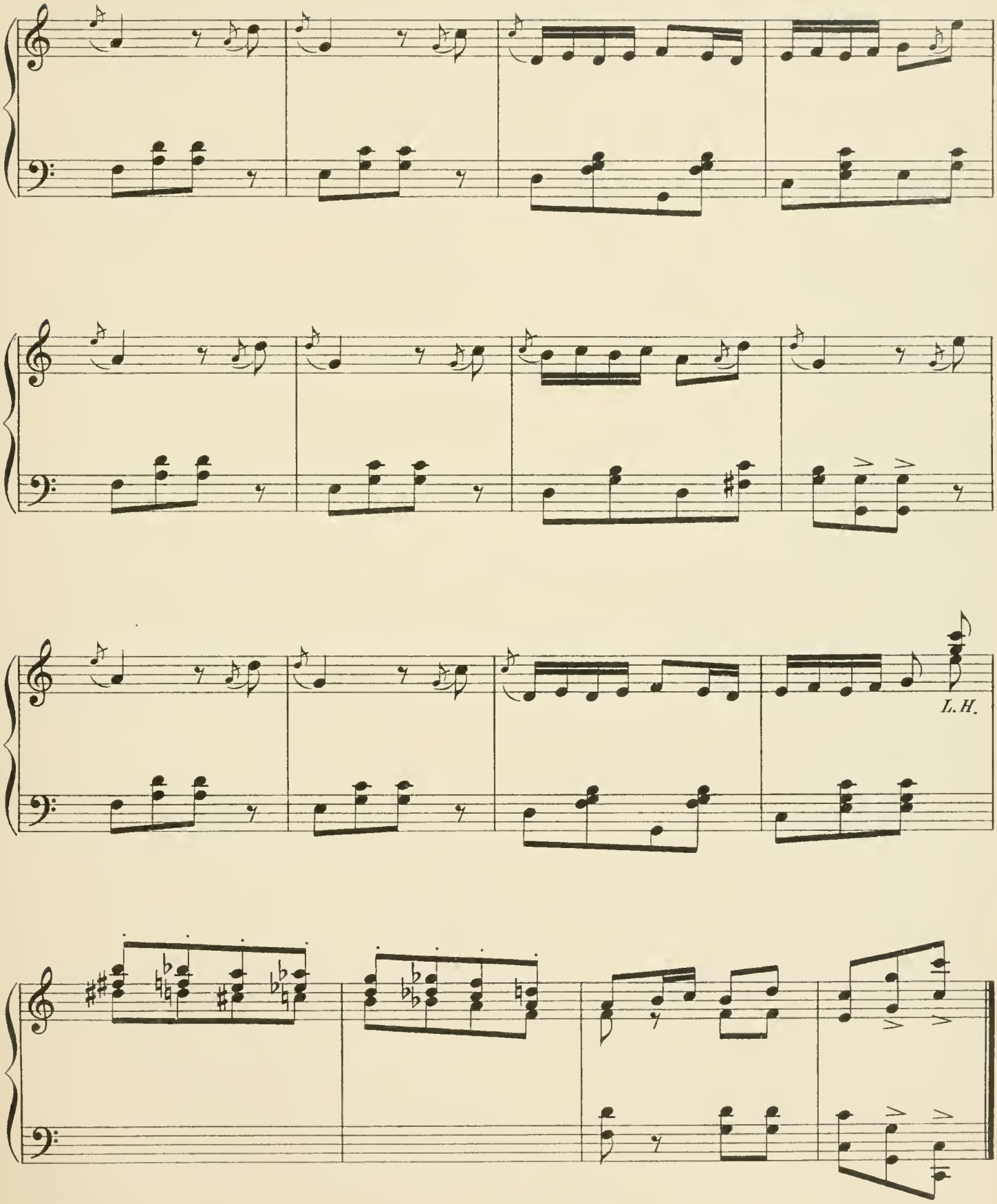
cres - cen - do.

u - ni - corn. Be - hold a bit of a be - he - moth, And the
oth - er folk And the on - ly thing he's daf - fy on Is the

cres - cen - do.


ff
wis - dom tooth of a gi - ant sloth But the fun-ni-est thing to look up - on Is the
fun - ny bone of a mas - to - don, And the on - ly thing he's daf - fy on Is the
ff
ff
fun - ny bone of a mas - to - don Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, The
fun - ny bone of a mas - to - don Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, The
fun - ny bone of a mas - to - don.
fun - ny bone of a mas - to - don.
1.
2.
D.S.
f D.S.
mf

DANCE.



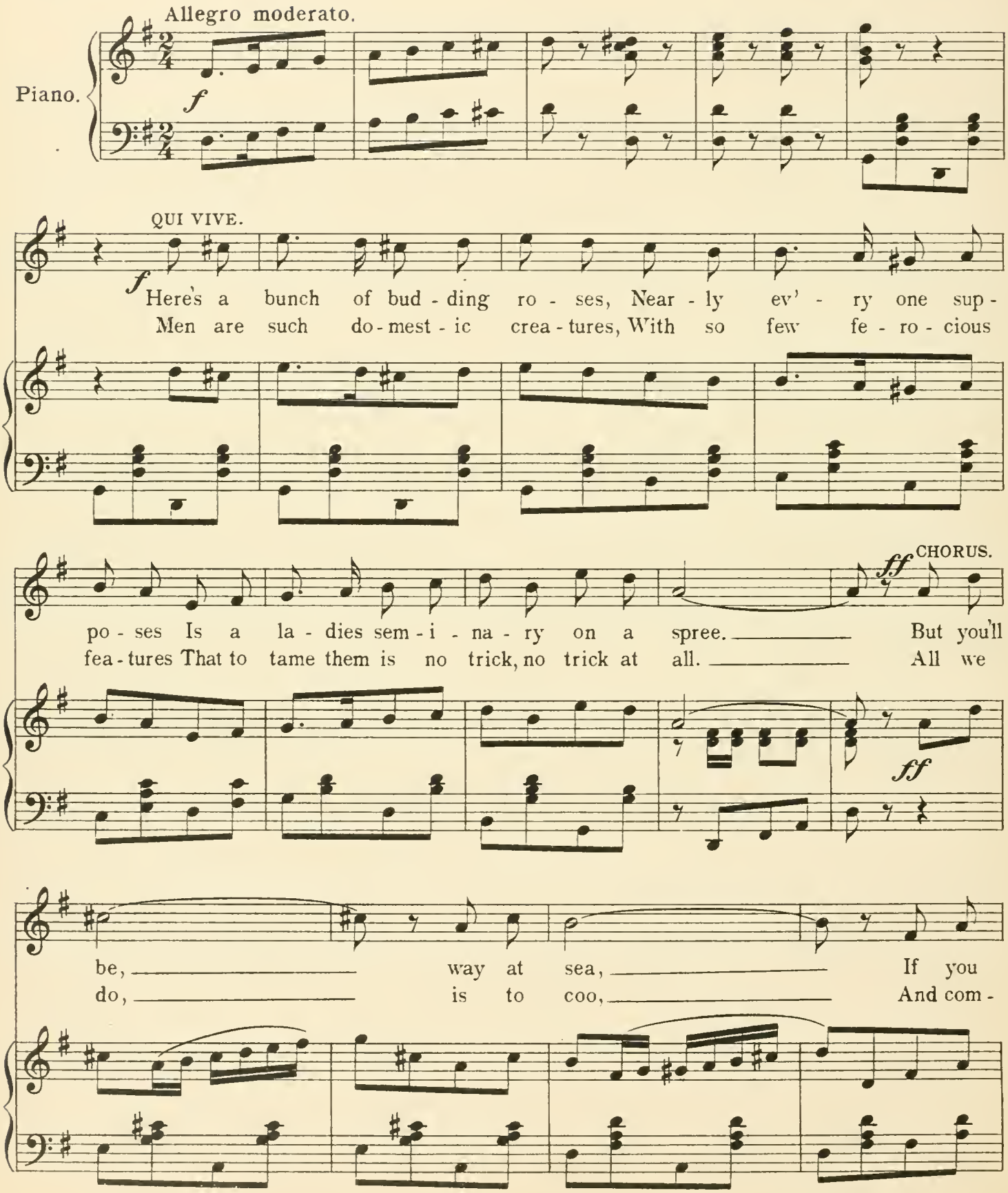
№ 6.

The Lion Tamers.

(Qui Vive and Assistant Lion Tamers.)

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.



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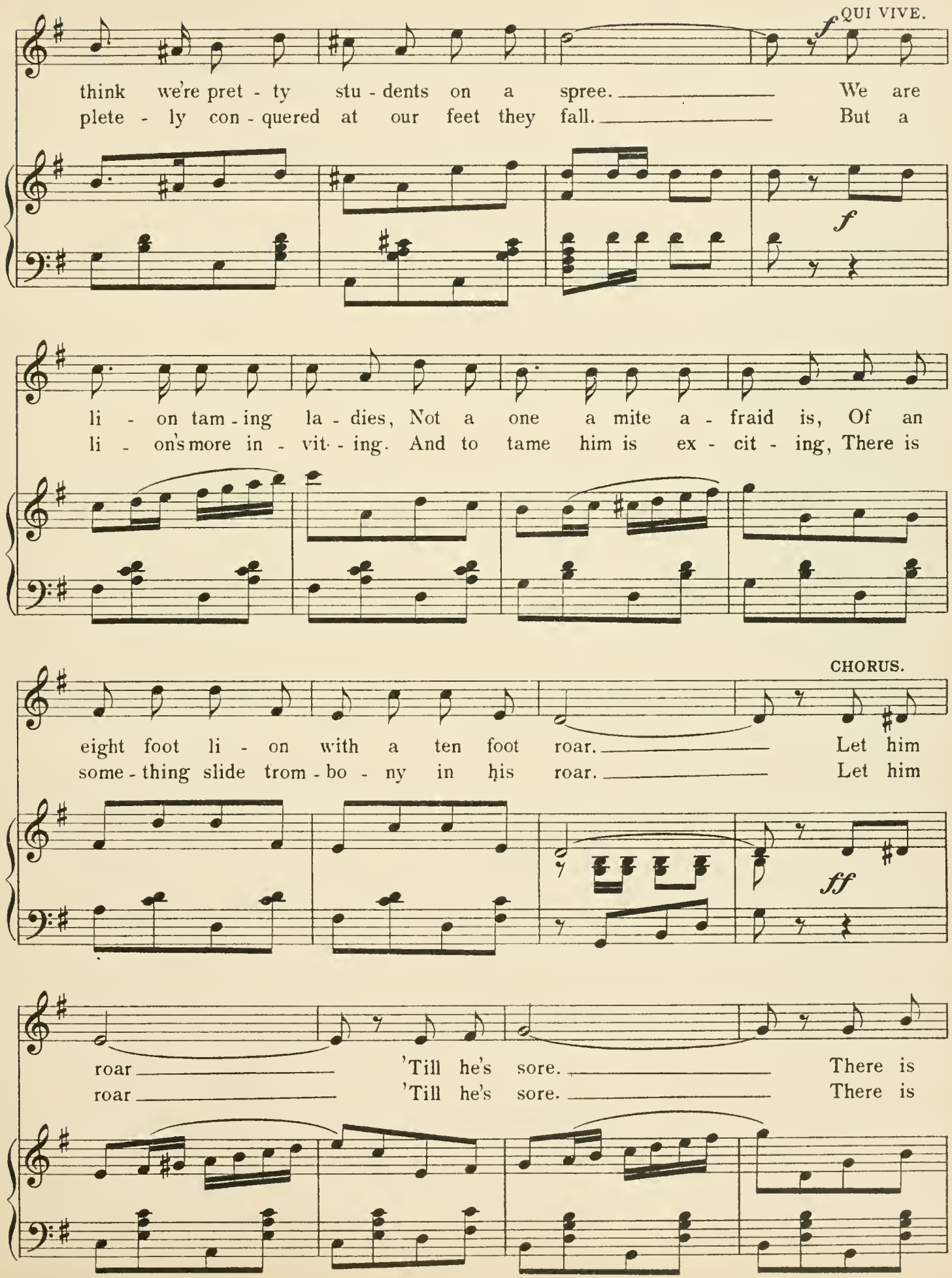

QUI VIVE.
f
think we're pret - ty stu - dents on a spree. We are
plete - ly con - quered at our feet they fall. But a
f
li - on tam - ing la - dies, Not a one a mite a - fraid is, Of an
li - on's more in - vit - ing. And to tame him is ex - cit - ing, There is
CHORUS.
eight foot li - on with a ten foot roar. Let him
some - thing slide trom - bo - ny in his roar. Let him
ff
roar 'Till he's sore. There is
roar 'Till he's sore. There is

mu - sic, sweet - est mu - sic in his roar.
some - thing slide trom - bo - ny in his roar.

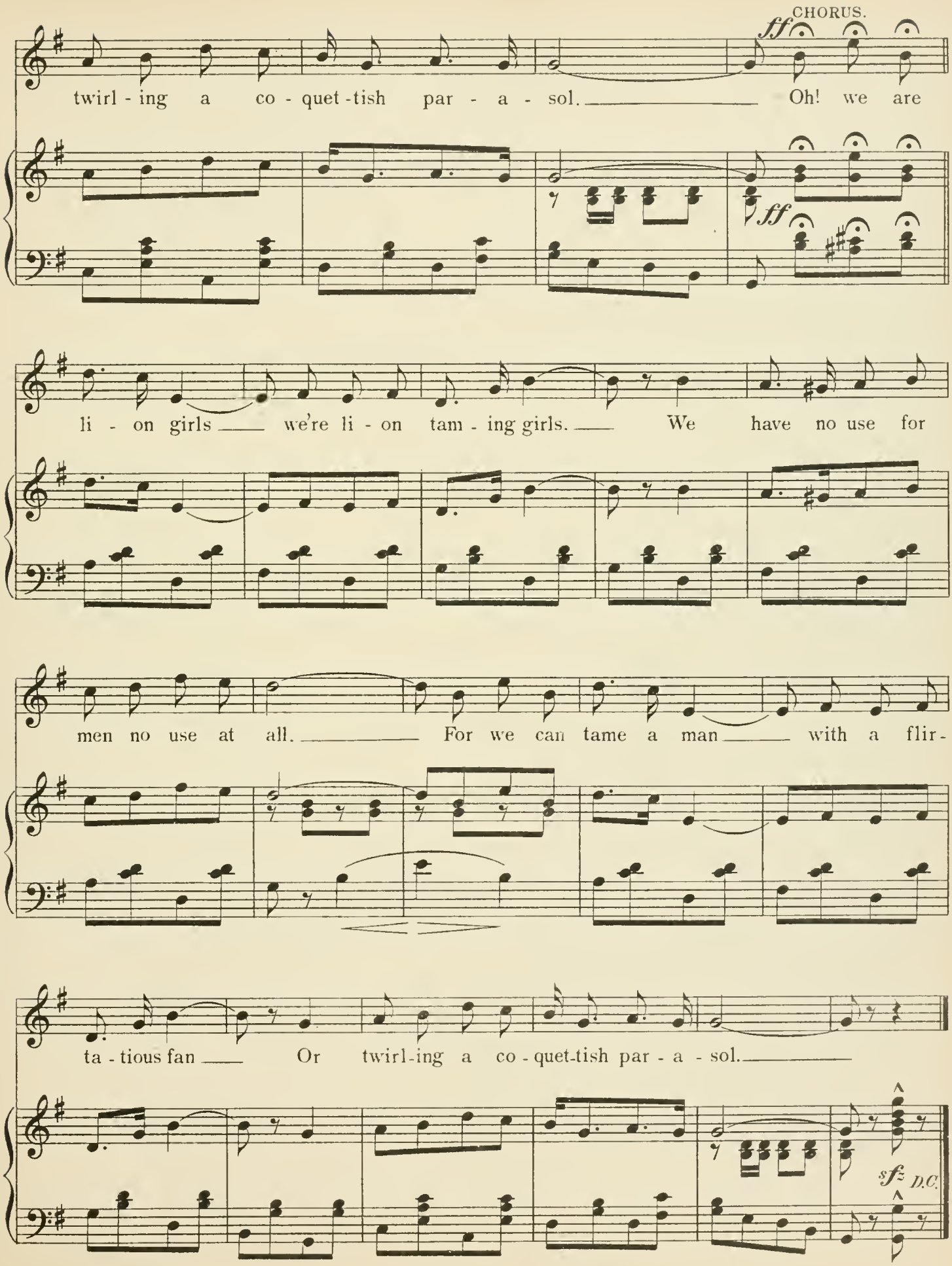
QUI VIVE.

Oh! we are li - on girls
Oh! we are li - on girls We're li - on tam - ing girls. We

f

have no use for men, no use at all, For we can

tame a man, with a flir - ta - tious fan Or


CHORUS.
ff
twirl - ing a co - quet - tish par - a - sol. Oh! we are
ff
li - on girls we're li - on tam - ing girls. We have no use for
men no use at all. For we can tame a man with a flir-
ta - tious fan Or twirl-ing a co - quet-tish par - a - sol.
sfz D.C.

Hush! Little Lion.

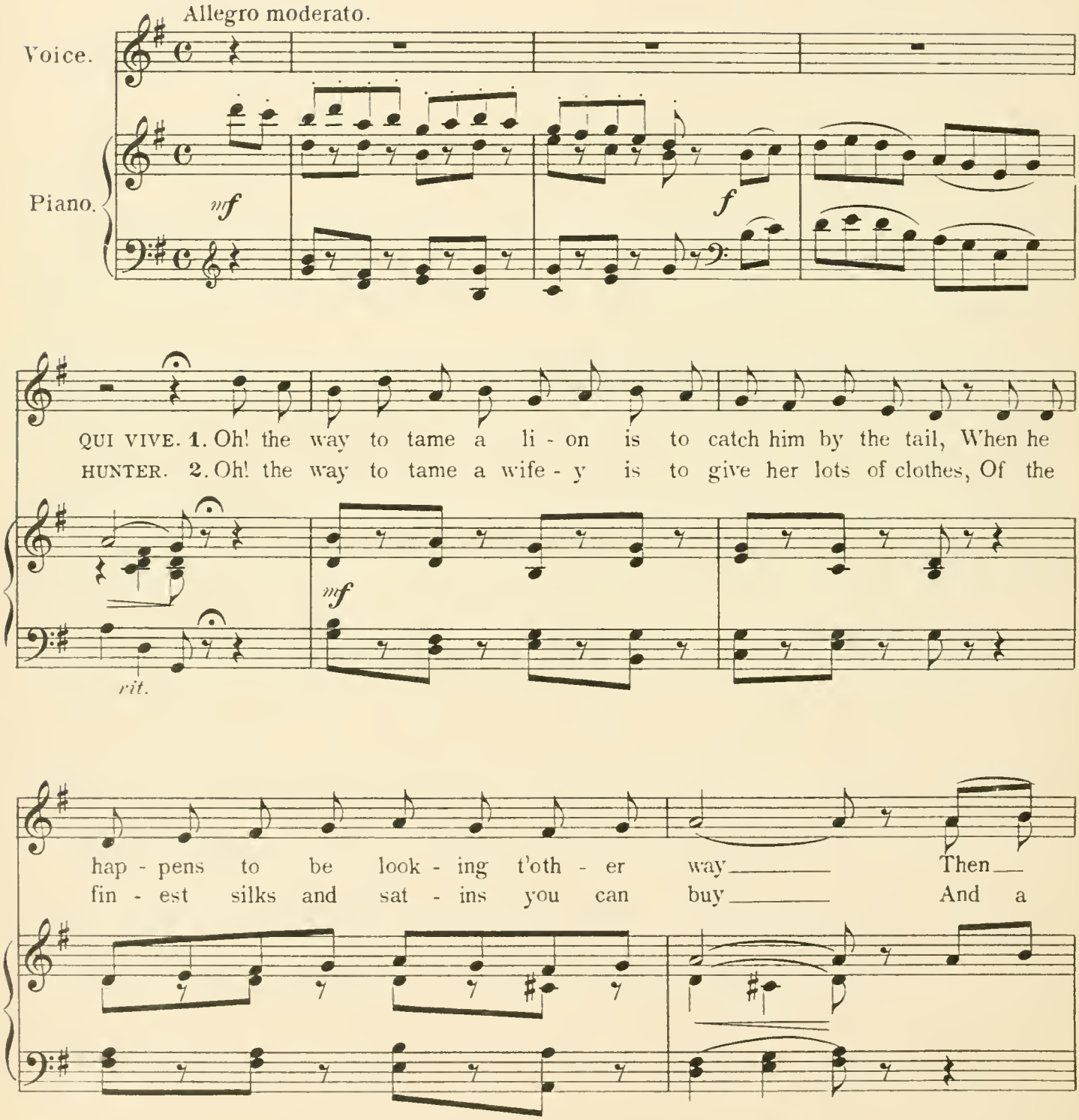
№ 7.

DUET.

Qui Vive and Hunter.

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.



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twist it good and plen - ty, say a doz - en times or twen - ty, And
doz - en feath - ered sou - nets in the way of pict - ure bon - nets, Then to

let him un - der - stand you're there to stay Of
let her en - ter - tain her - self you try And

mf

fp

poco meno mosso.

course he'll jump and hol - ler and put up an aw - ful roar, And he'll
if she kicks when you stay up all night with friends so ill, And

mf poco meno mosso. *sf*

turn and try to claw you in the eye But
threat - ens back to moth - er dear to fly A

sf

ev - 'ry time he makes a roar, you twist his tail a lit - tle more, And
bluff like that you can't a - bide, you go out then and get a tide, And

sosten.

poco rall.

soothe him with this lit - tle lul - la - by. Oh!
come home with this lit - tle lul - la - by. Oh!

poco rall.

Andante semplice.

Hush! lit - tle li - on, don't you cry I'll let go of you bye and bye.
Hush! lit - tle wife - y, don't you cry You'll get used to it bye and bye.

p *sostenuto.*

Quit your aw-ful roar, or I'll wind you up some more, Hush! lit-tle li - on, don't cry.
Don't commence to nag, or I'll get an-oth - er jag, Hush! lit-tle wife-y, don't cry.

pp

pp

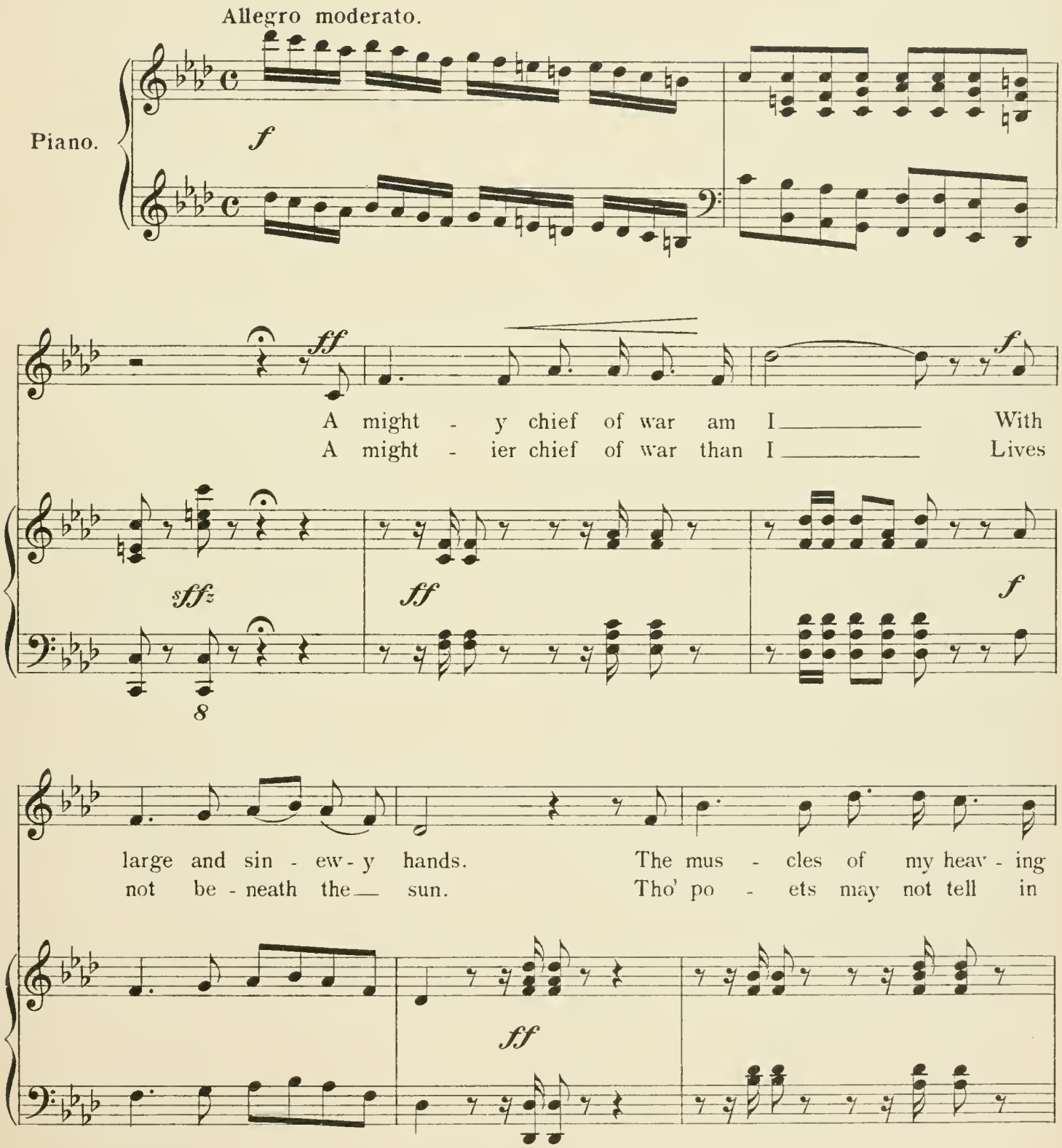
The Son of the Hill and Plain.

№ 8.

(Handem-Afew and Tribesmen.)

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.



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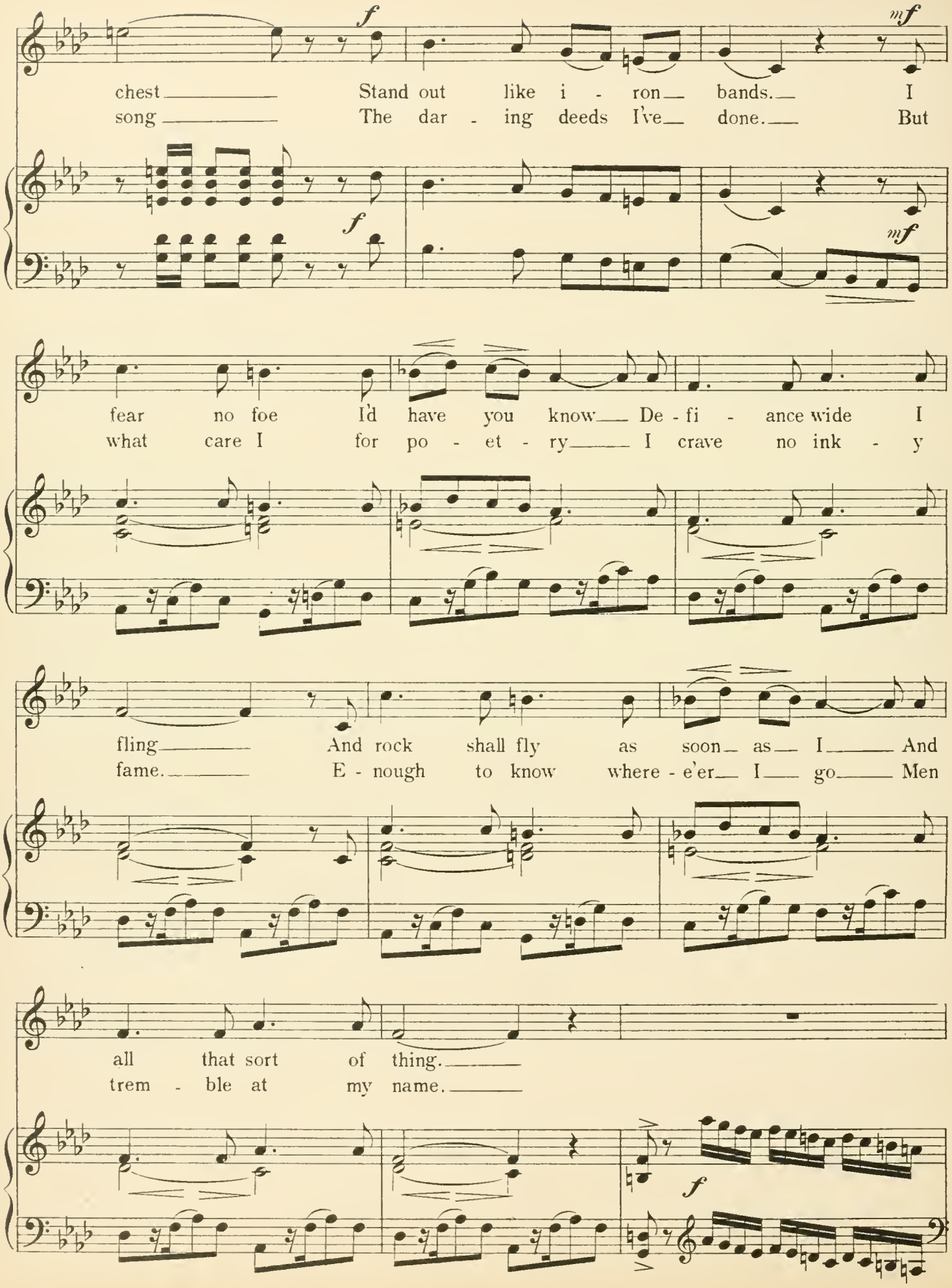

f
mf
chest Stand out like i - ron bands. I
song The dar - ing deeds I've done. But
f
mf
fear no foe I'd have you know De - fi - ance wide I
what care I for po - et - ry I crave no ink - y
fling And rock shall fly as soon as I And
fame. E - nough to know where - e'er I go Men
all that sort of thing.
trem - ble at my name.
f

CHORUS.

f I'm son of the hill and plain, *f* We're sons of the hill and plain.

HANDEM. CHO.

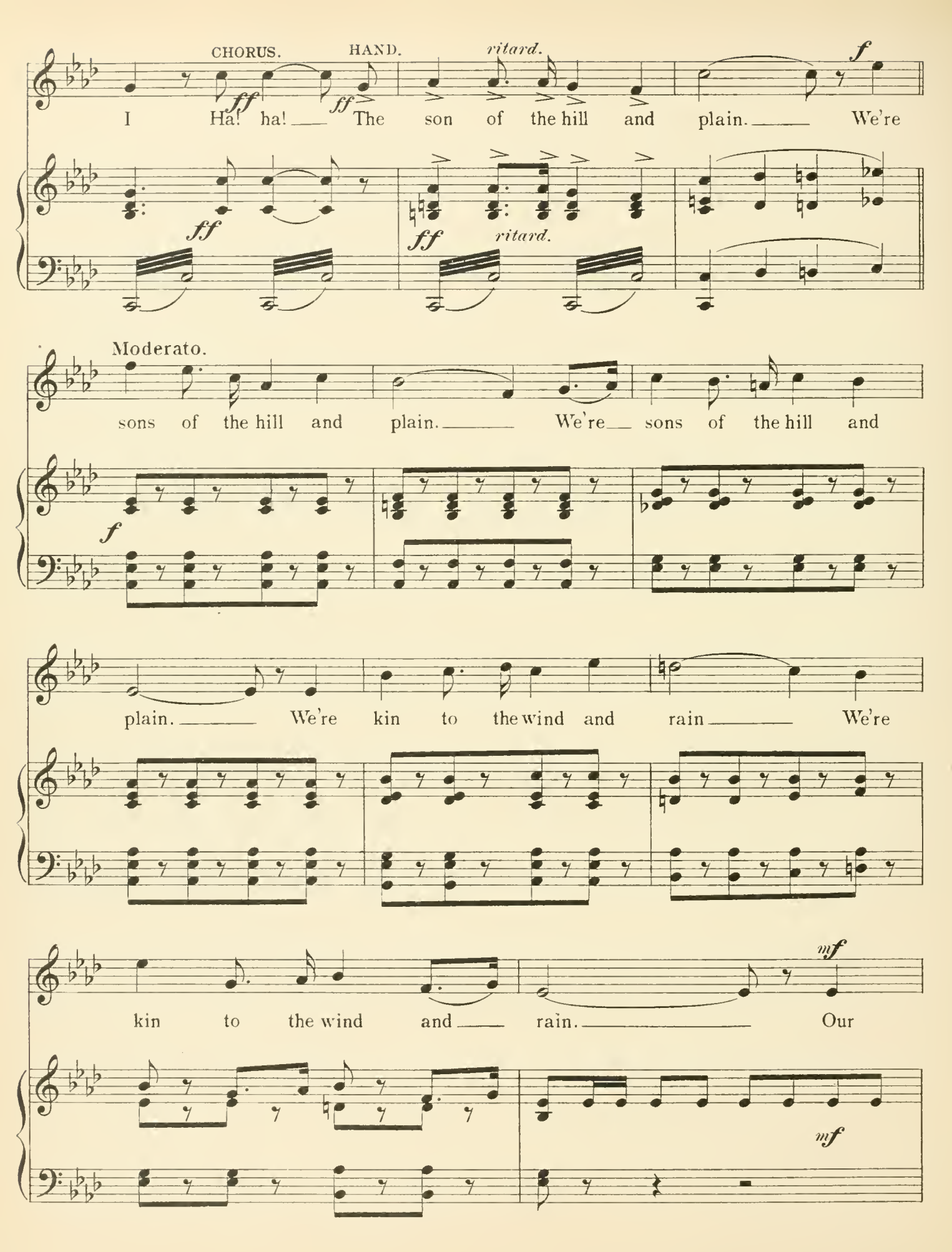
I'm kin to the wind and rain, We're

HAND. CHORUS. HAND.

p kin to the wind and rain. My home is wher-e'er I lie. *ff* Ha! ha! My

cresc. CHORUS. HAND.

roof is the star-gemmed sky. *ff* Ha! ha! No mon-arch so free as


CHORUS.
HAND.
ritard.
ff
ff
ff
ff
ritard.
f
I Ha! ha! The son of the hill and plain. We're
Moderato.
f
sons of the hill and plain. We're sons of the hill and
plain. We're kin to the wind and rain We're
kin to the wind and rain. Our
mf
mf

home is wher - e'er we lie. ha! ha! Our

cresc. *f*

roof is the star - gemmed sky ha! ha! No monarch so free as

cresc.

ritard. 1.

we, as we, The sons of the hill and plain.

ff

ritard. *D.C.*

2. (yell.)

sons of the hill and plain. Waugh!

Finale I.

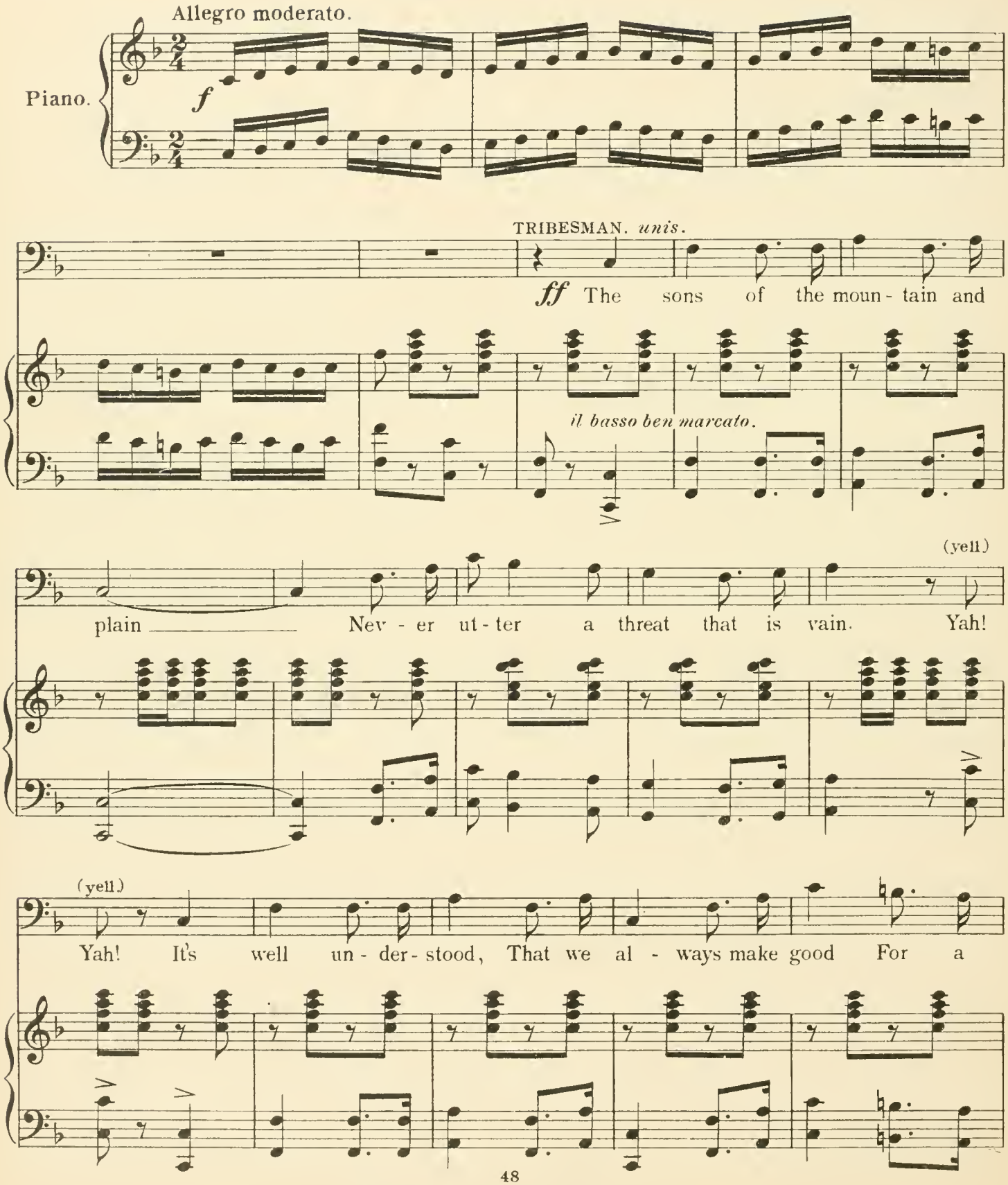
№ 9.

Out on the Sea.

Principals and Chorus.

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.



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(yell.)

rec - ord we've got to main - tain. Yah! Yah! If a - ny one

mf

plays us a trick _____ We de - scend like a thous - and of

(yell.)

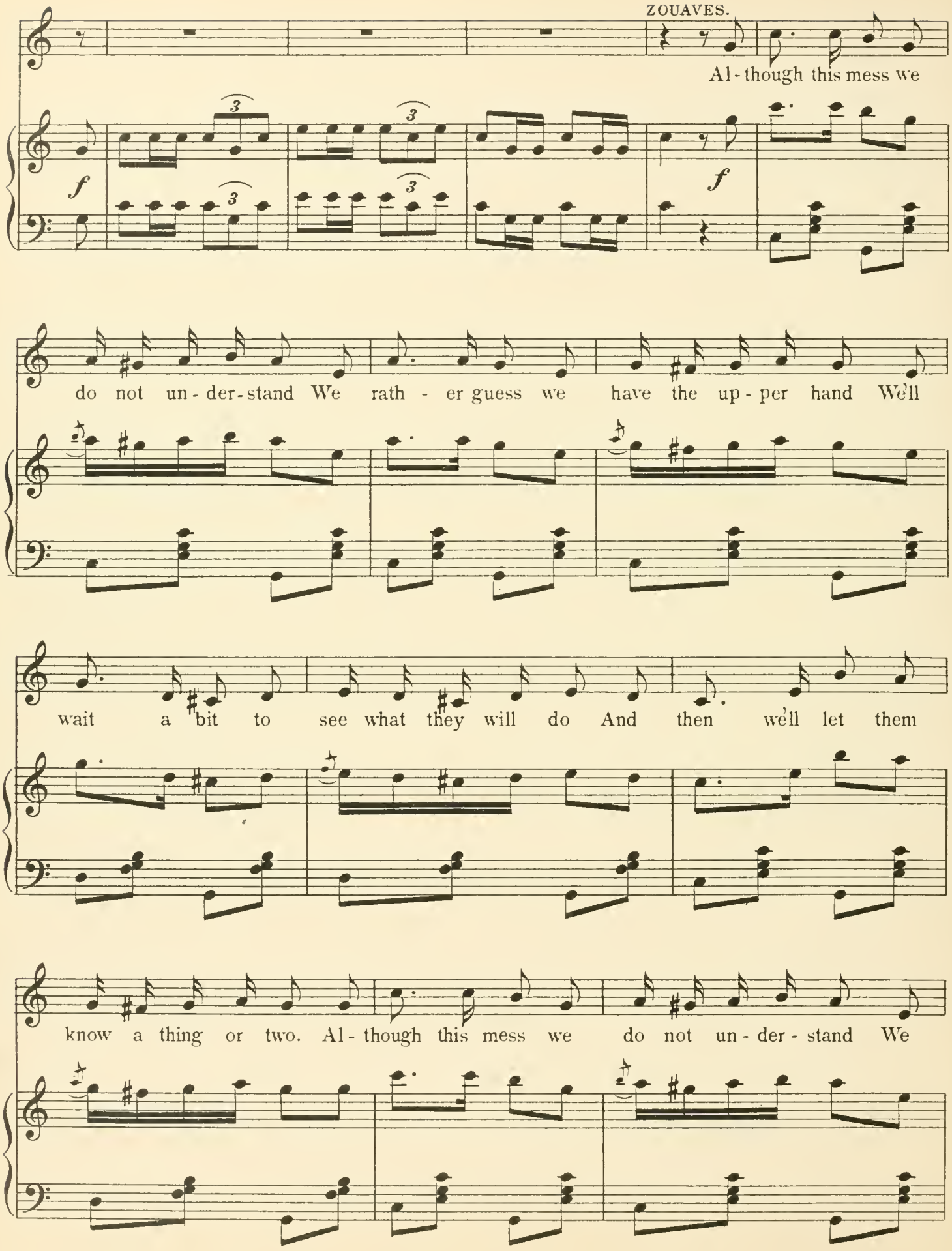
ff

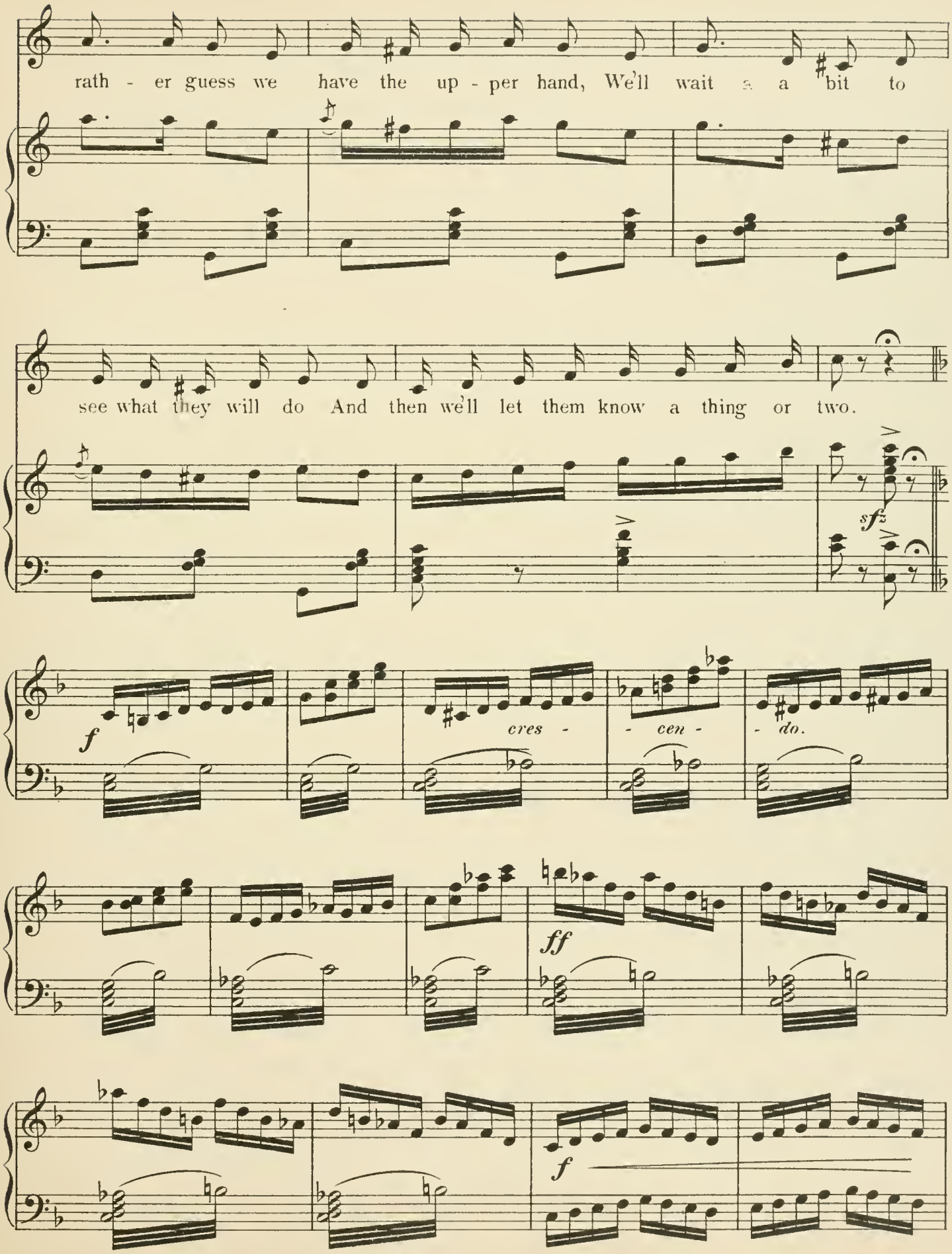
brick. Yah! Yah! We fol - low our man and if catch him we

ff

can We ___ put a few dents in his neck. Biff!

sffz


Al - though this mess we
do not un - der - stand We rath - er guess we have the up - per hand We'll
wait a bit to see what they will do And then we'll let them
know a thing or two. Al - though this mess we do not un - der - stand We


rath - er guess we have the up - per hand, We'll wait a a bit to
see what they will do And then we'll let them know a thing or two.
sfz
f
cres - - cen - - do.
ff
f

f ZOUAVES.

Al - though this mess we do not un-der-stand, We

ff TRIBESMEN.

The sons of the moun - - tain and

f

rath - er guess we have the up - per hand We'll wait a bit to

plain Nev - er ut - ter a

see what they will do And then we'll let them know a thing or two. Al -

(yell)

threat that is vain Yah! Yah! It's

though this mess we do not un - der - stand, We rath - er guess we

well un - der - stood That we al - - ways make

have the up-per hand, We'll wait a bit to see what they will do, And

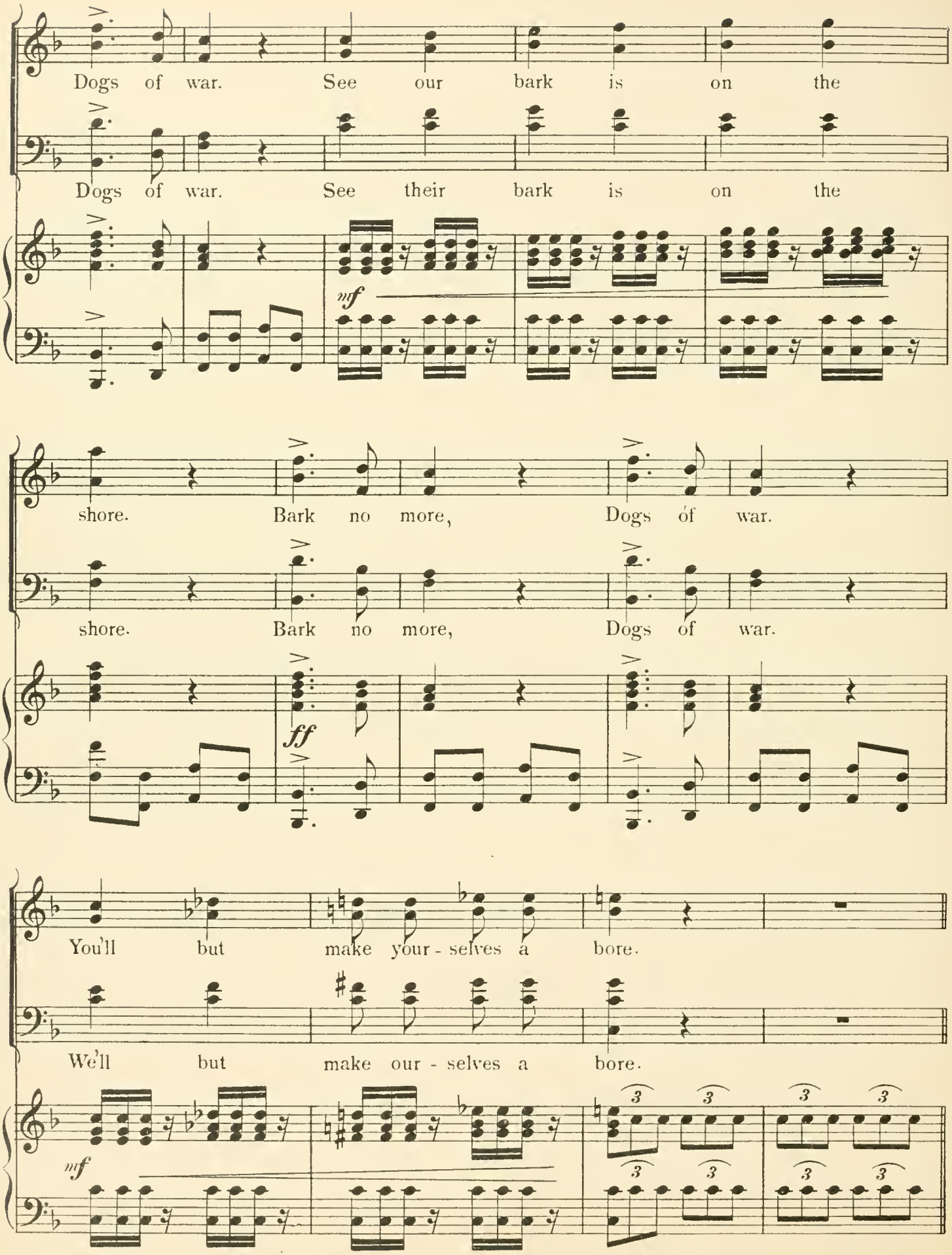
good, For a rec - ord we've got to main -

then we'll let them know a thing or two. Bark no more,

tain. Biff! Bark no more,

ff

loco.


Dogs of war. See our bark is on the
Dogs of war. See their bark is on the
mf
shore. Bark no more, Dogs of war.
shore. Bark no more, Dogs of war.
ff
You'll but make your - selves a bore.
We'll but make our - selves a bore.
mf

SOP. & ALTO.
TUTTI.
Allegro vivace.

Out on the sea,_ Soon we will be,_ Head - ed for

TEN. & BASS.

Out on the sea,_ Soon they will be,_ Head - ed for

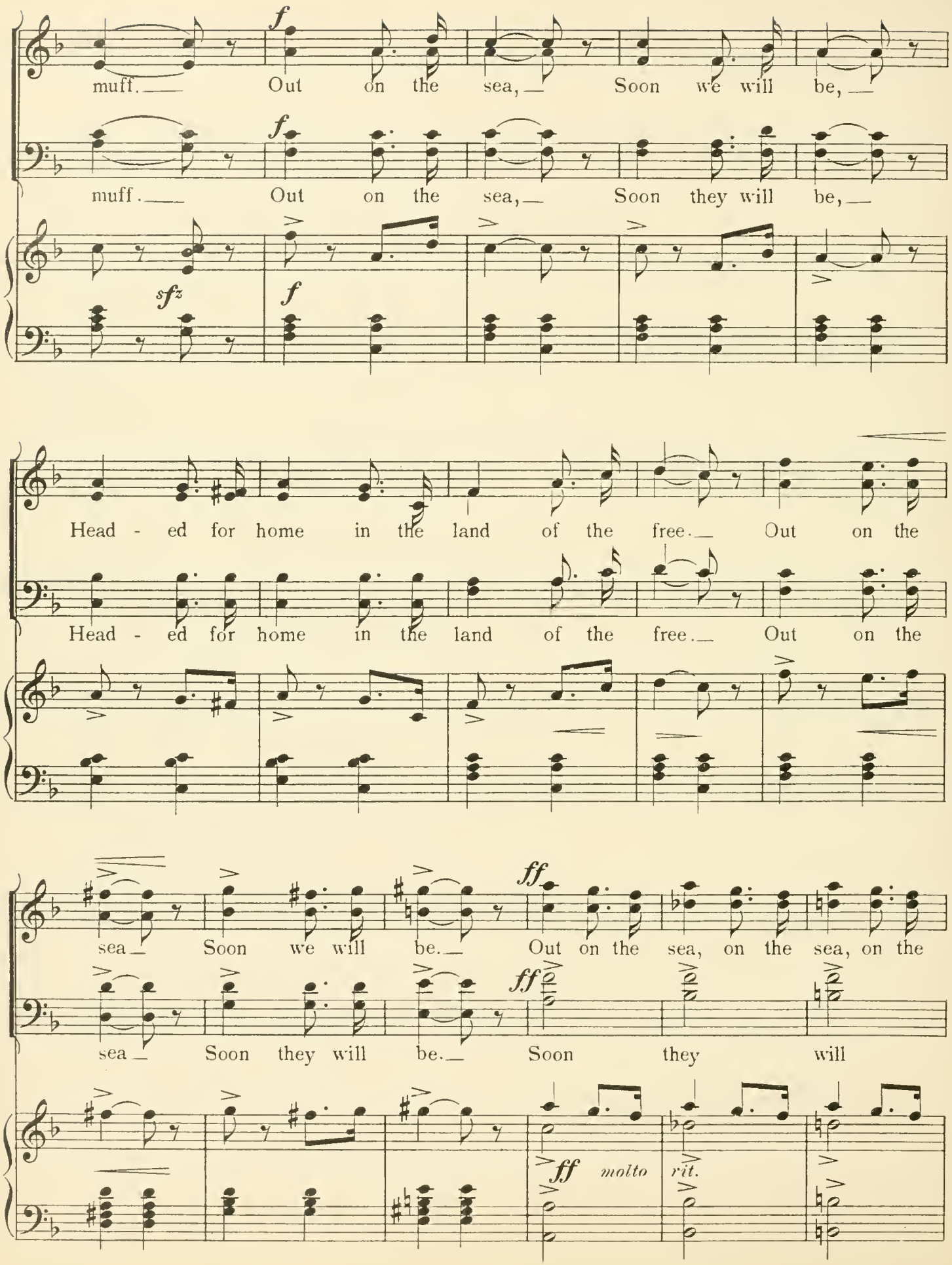
f

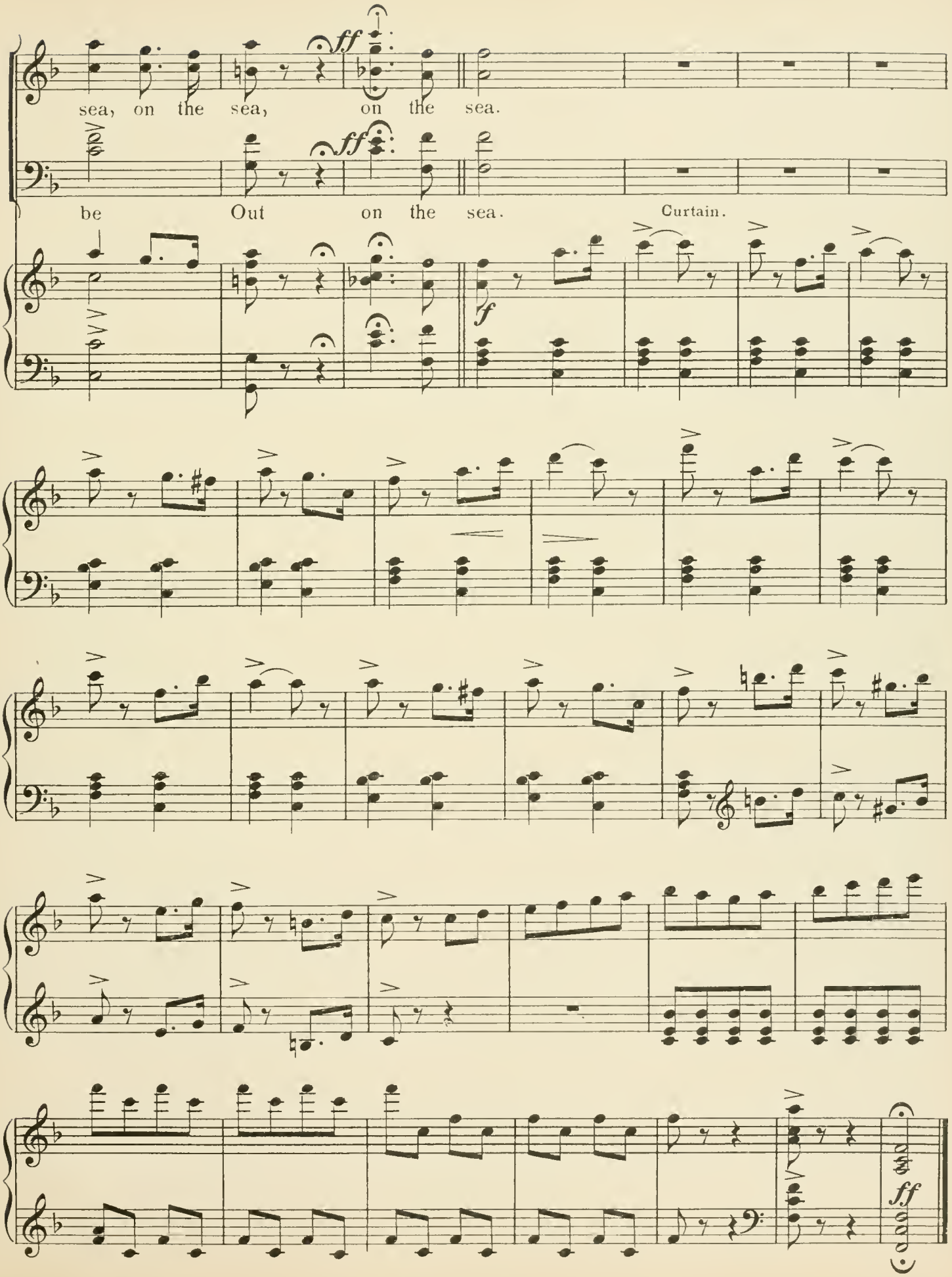
home in the land of the free._ We've had e - nough,

home in the land of the free._ They've had e - nough,

Trop - ic - al stuff,_ Just for a change give us furs and a

Trop - ic - al stuff,_ Just for a change give them furs and a


f
muff. Out on the sea, Soon we will be,
f
muff. Out on the sea, Soon they will be,
sfz
f
Head - ed for home in the land of the free. Out on the
Head - ed for home in the land of the free. Out on the
sea Soon we will be. Out on the sea, on the sea, on the
ff
sea Soon they will be. Soon they will
ff
ff molto rit.



End of Act I.

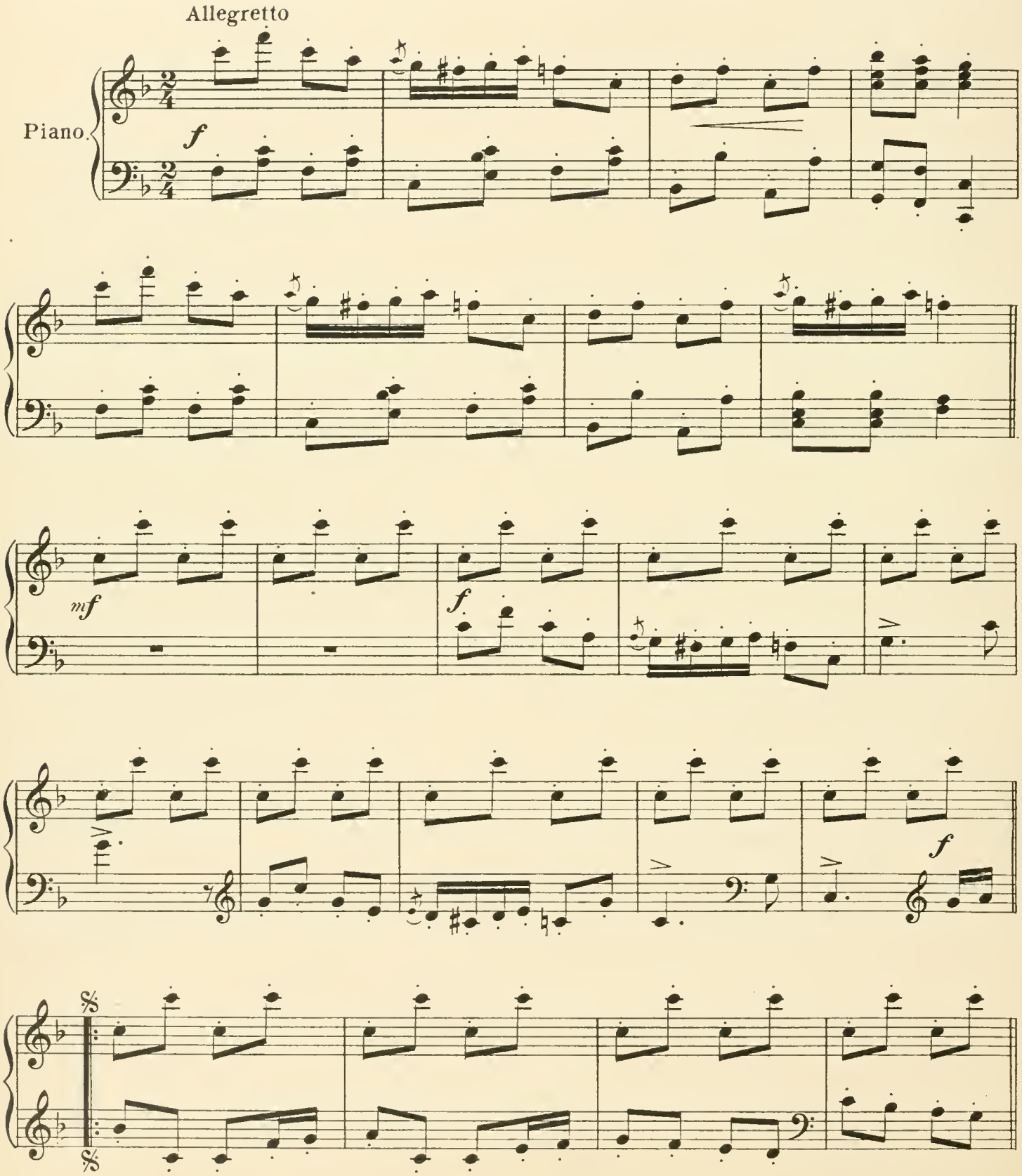
Happy Hotel Cleaners.

Scrubwomen's Chorus.

№ 10

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.



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mf

Hap-py, hap-py ho - tel clean-ers, Hap-py, hap-py night and day.
Hap-py, hap-py ho - tel clean-ers, Hap-py, hap-py night and day.

mf

While there's life there's hope we're told,_ Cheer-ful hearts are bet-ter than gold.
Ev - 'ry night when the sun_ goes down_ On this grim - y smok - y town.

f

That is what the wise men say, That is what the wise men say,
There's the dev - il of dirt to pay, There's the dev - il of dirt to pay,

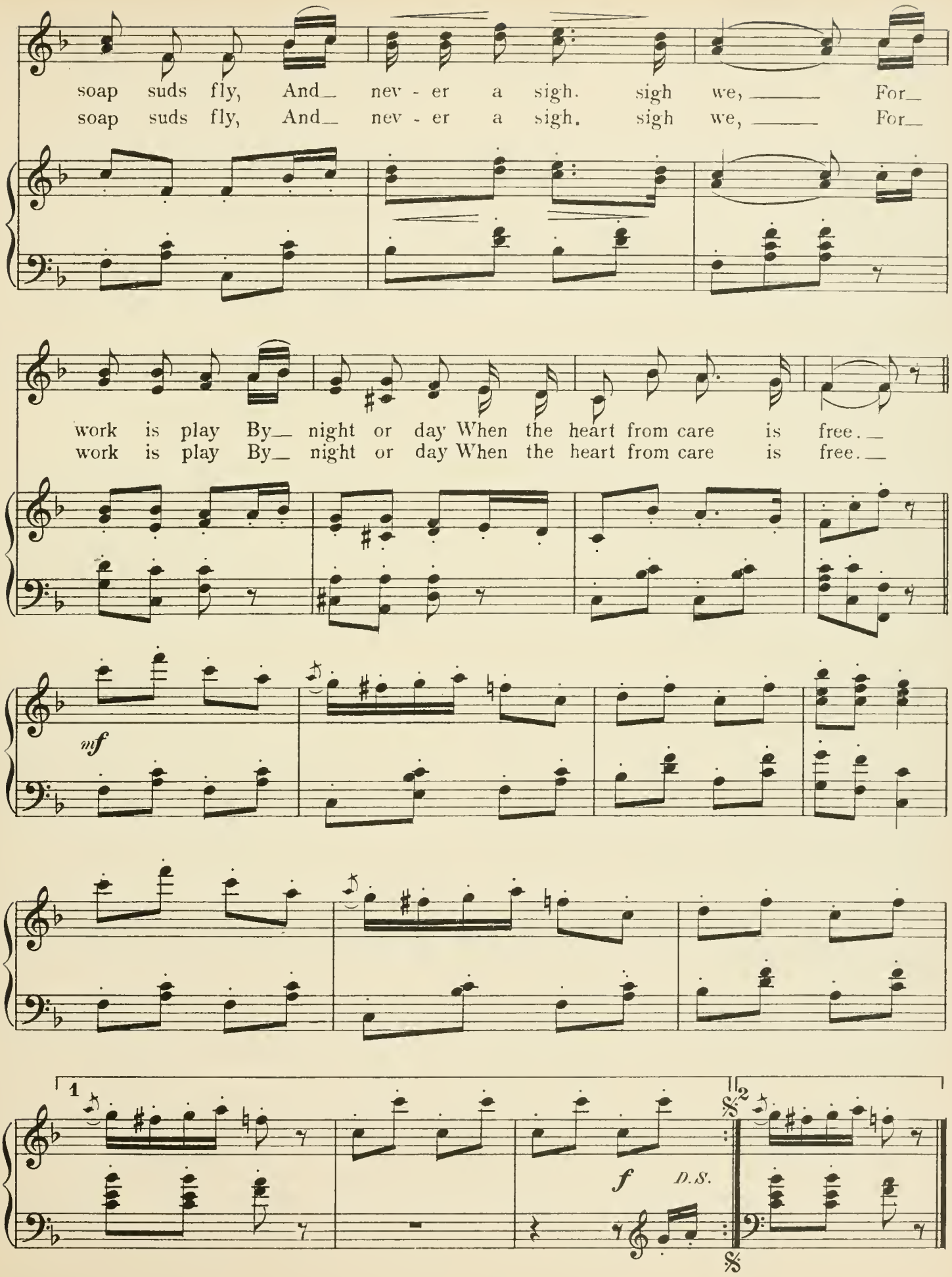
f

That is what the wise men say, That is what the wise men say. Ohwe
There's the dev - il of dirt to pay, There's the dev - il of dirt to pay. We_

work all night and the pay is light, But we're hea - vy on suds and
pay what's due and the in - t'rest too, Which is al - - ways good and

song And with plen - ty of hope And plen - ty of soap We
strong But with plen - ty of hope And plen - ty of soap We

man - age to scrub a - long Oh! we work right spry and the
man - age to scrub a - long Oh! we work right spry and the


soap suds fly, And_ nev - er a sigh. sigh we, _____ For_
soap suds fly, And_ nev - er a sigh. sigh we, _____ For_
work is play By_ night or day When the heart from care is free. _
work is play By_ night or day When the heart from care is free. _
mf
1
2
f
D.S.

Love's Highway.

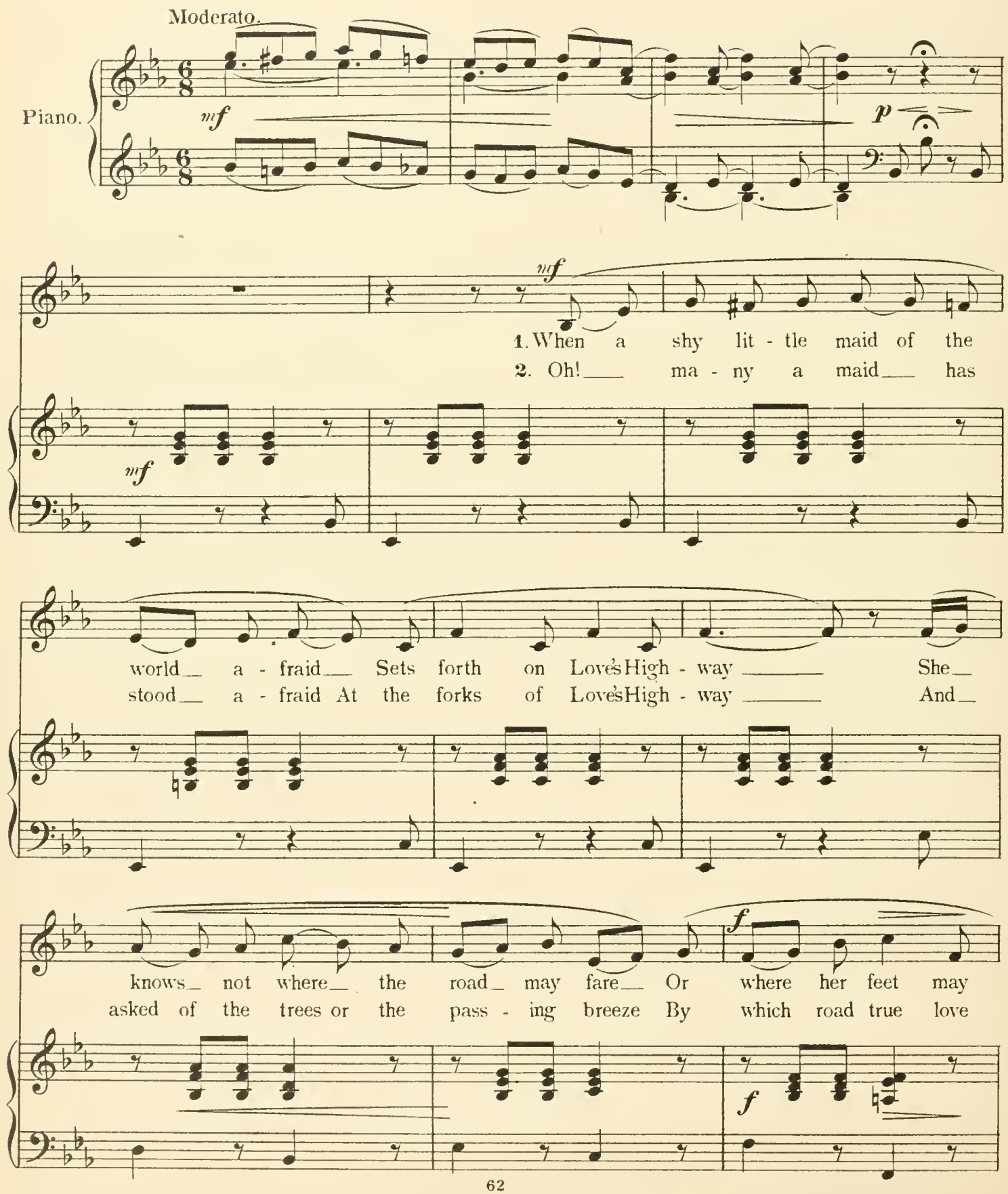
№ 11.

BALLADE.

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Maizie Fields.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.



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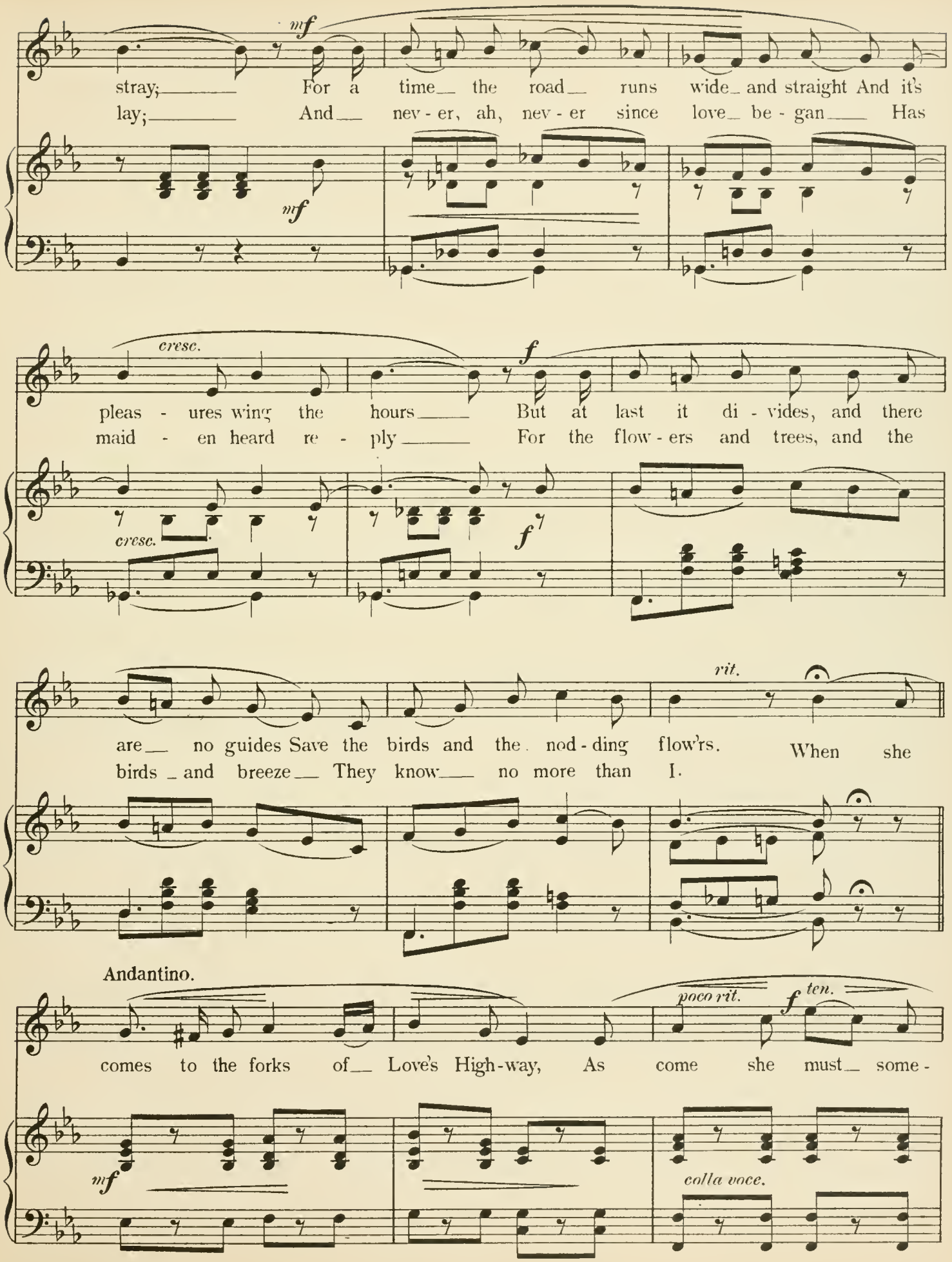
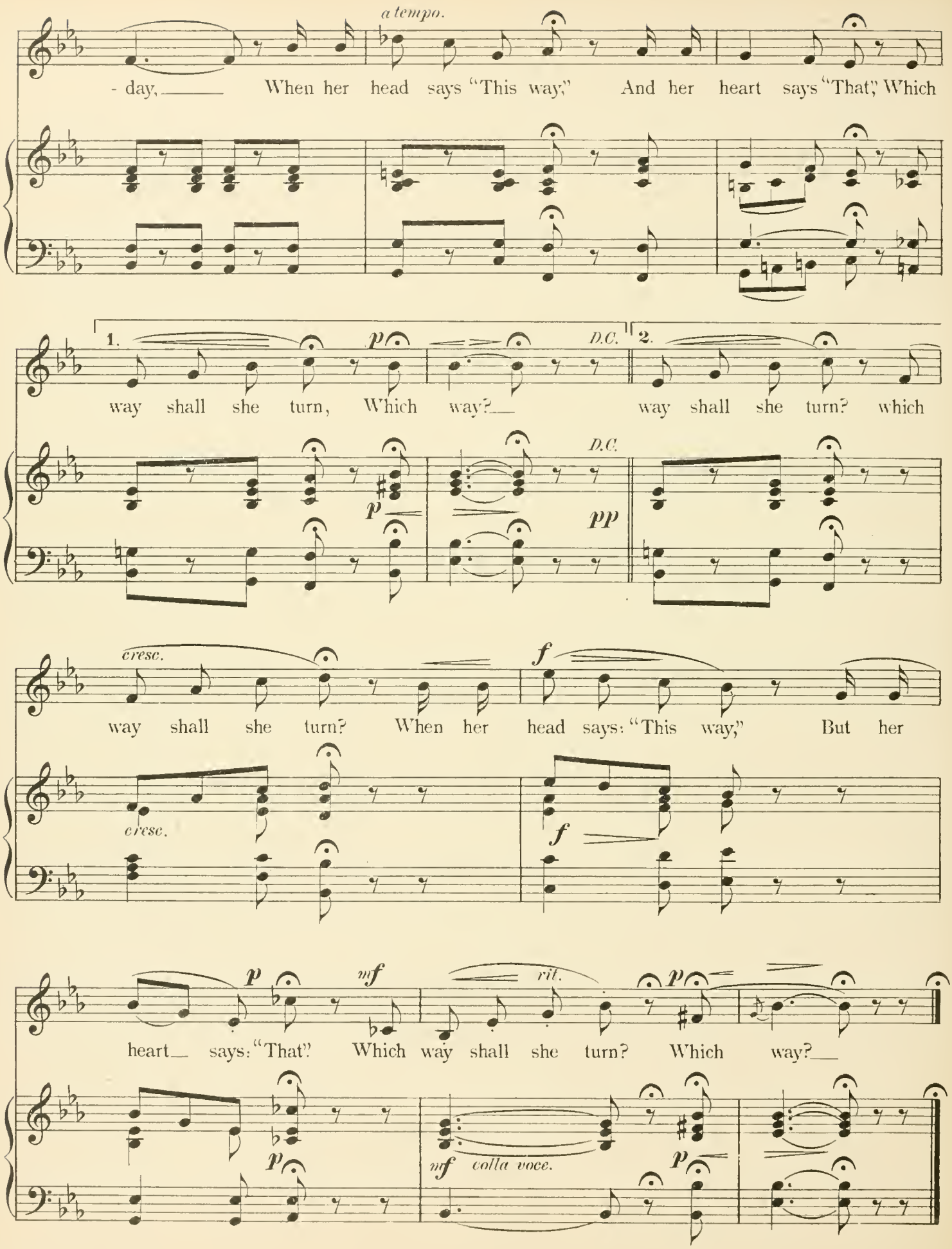

mf
stray; For a time the road runs wide and straight And it's
lay; And nev - er, ah, nev - er since love be - gan Has
mf
cresc.
f
pleas - ures wing the hours But at last it di - vides, and there
maid - en heard re - ply For the flow - ers and trees, and the
cresc.
f
rit.
are no guides Save the birds and the nod - ding flow'rs. When she
birds and breeze They know no more than I.
Andantino.
poco rit.
f ten.
comes to the forks of Love's High - way, As come she must some -
mf
colla voce.


a tempo.
- day, When her head says "This way," And her heart says "That," Which
1.
p
D.C.
2.
way shall she turn, Which way? way shall she turn? which
p
D.C.
pp
cresc.
way shall she turn? When her head says: "This way," But her
cresc.
f
f
p
mf
rit.
p
heart says: "That" Which way shall she turn? Which way?
p
mf colla voce.
p

Nº 12.

My Lady Champagne.

M'lle Qui Vive and Chorus.

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.

Moderato con espressione.

Piano.

f

Listesso tempo.

Ev-er I'll prize thee, La-dy Cham-
leave me La-dy Cham-

rit.

p espress.

accel.

-pagne Nev-er de-spise thee, La-dy Cham-pagne
-pagne Friends may de-ceive me La-dy Cham-pagne

accel.

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mf

Tho' a ty - rant thou may be
For - tune's fa - vors I'll not woo

fp

Still I am thy vo - ta - ry
Bro - ken friend - ships I'll not rue

Here's an - oth - er pledge to
I'll not care, so thou art

allarg.

dim e rit.

thee O loved Cham - pagne, O gay Cham - pagne.
true O frail Cham - pagne, O true Cham - pagne.

allarg.

dim e rit.

pp Moderato espress.

Ev - - er I'll love thee, La - dy Cham - pagne

pp *dolce.*

Nev - er re-prove thee, La - - dy Cham - pagne, Al -

poco accel. *cresc.*

- though a wan - ton thou may be; Spite thy si - ren sor - cer - y,

poco accel. *cresc.*

p *allarg.*

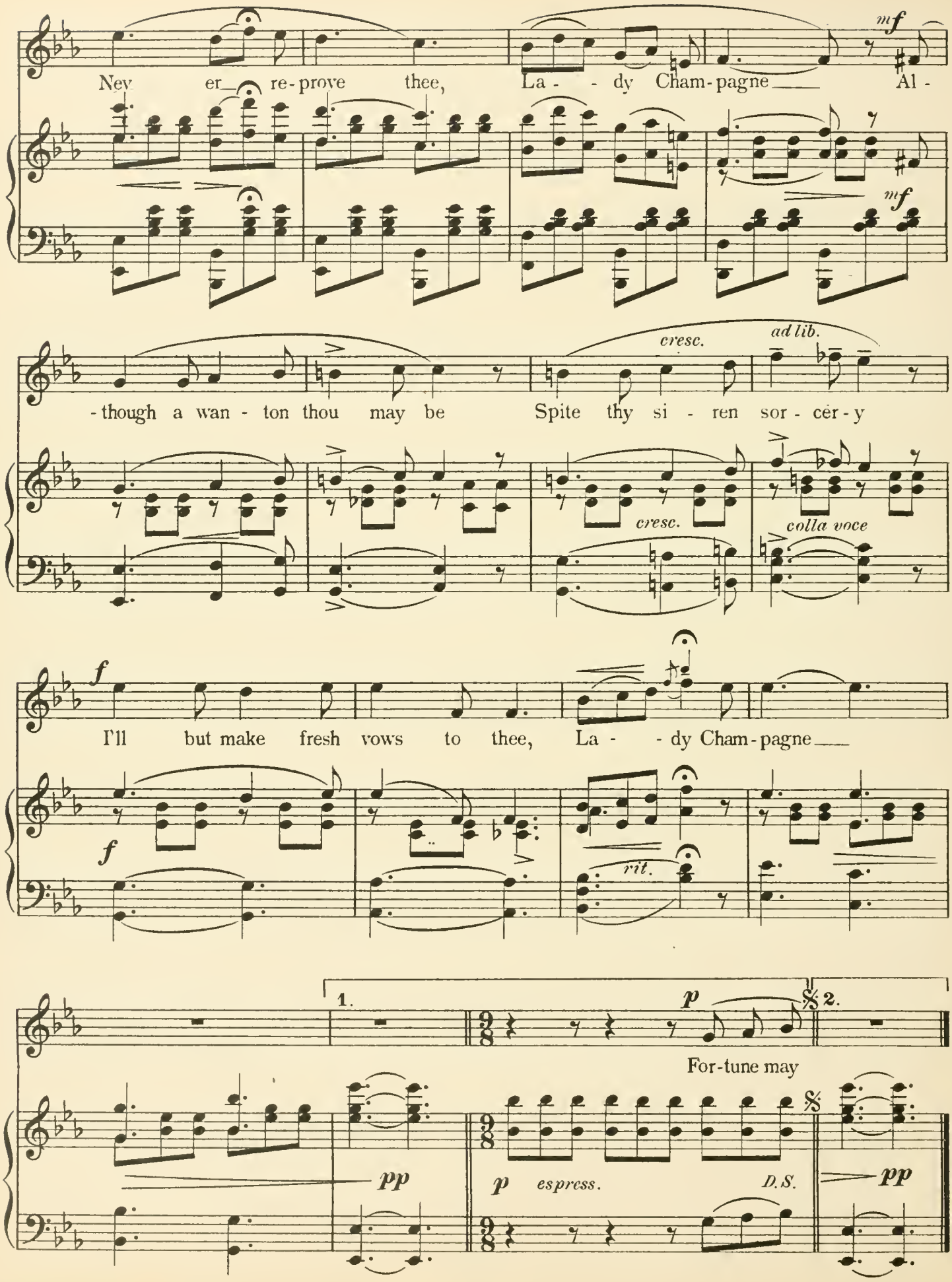
I'll but make fresh vows to thee, La - dy Cham - pagne

p *allarg.*

f

Ev - - er I'll love thee, La - - dy Cham - pagne,

f


mf
Nev er re-prove thee, La - - dy Cham-pagne Al -
mf
-though a wan - ton thou may be Spite thy si - ren sor - cer - y
cresc.
ad lib.
cresc.
colla voce
f
I'll but make fresh vows to thee, La - - dy Cham-pagne
f
rit.
1.
p
2.
For-tune may
pp
p espress.
D.S.
pp

The Merry Kindergarteners.

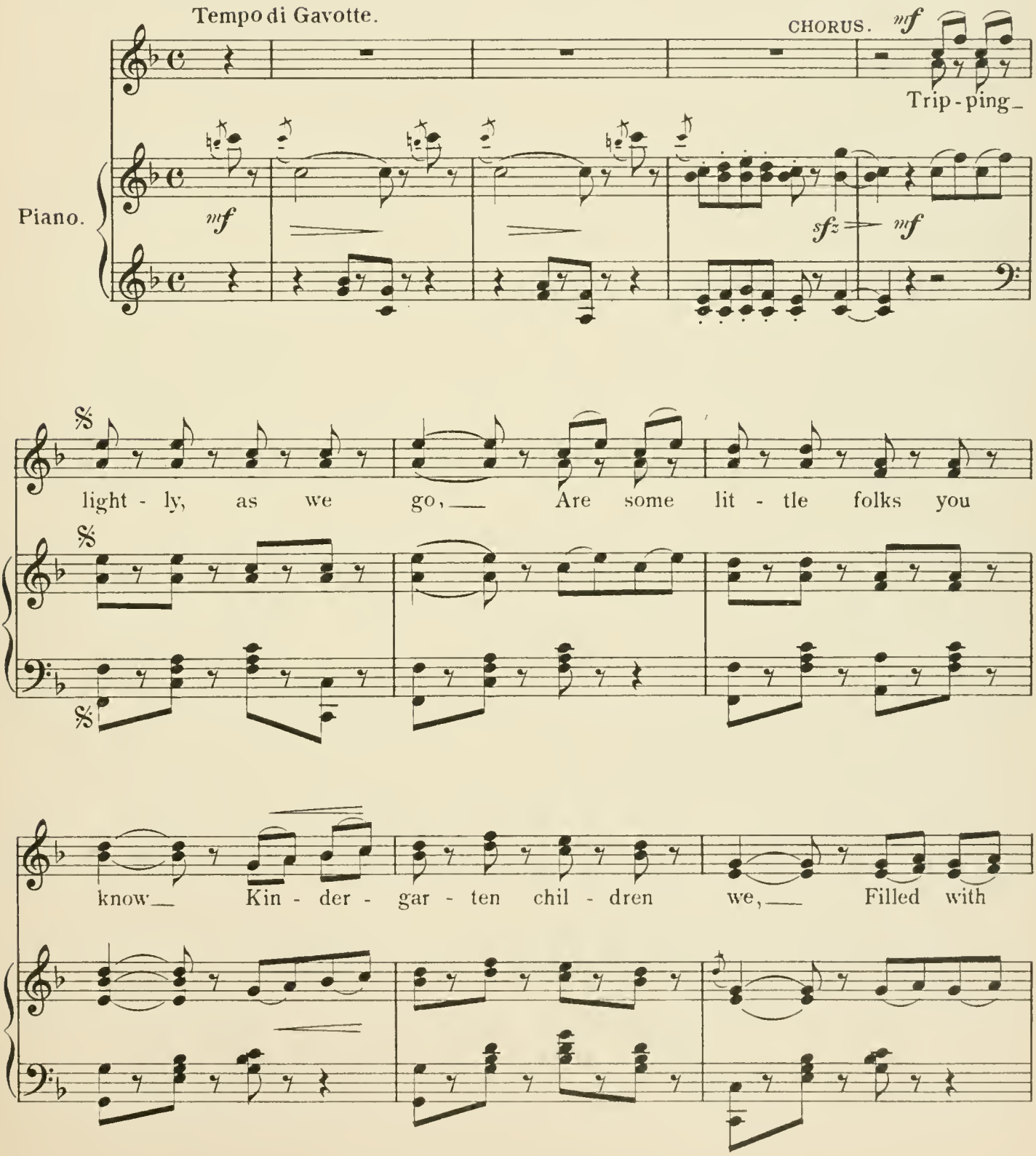
No. 13.

GAVOTTE.

Chorus.

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.



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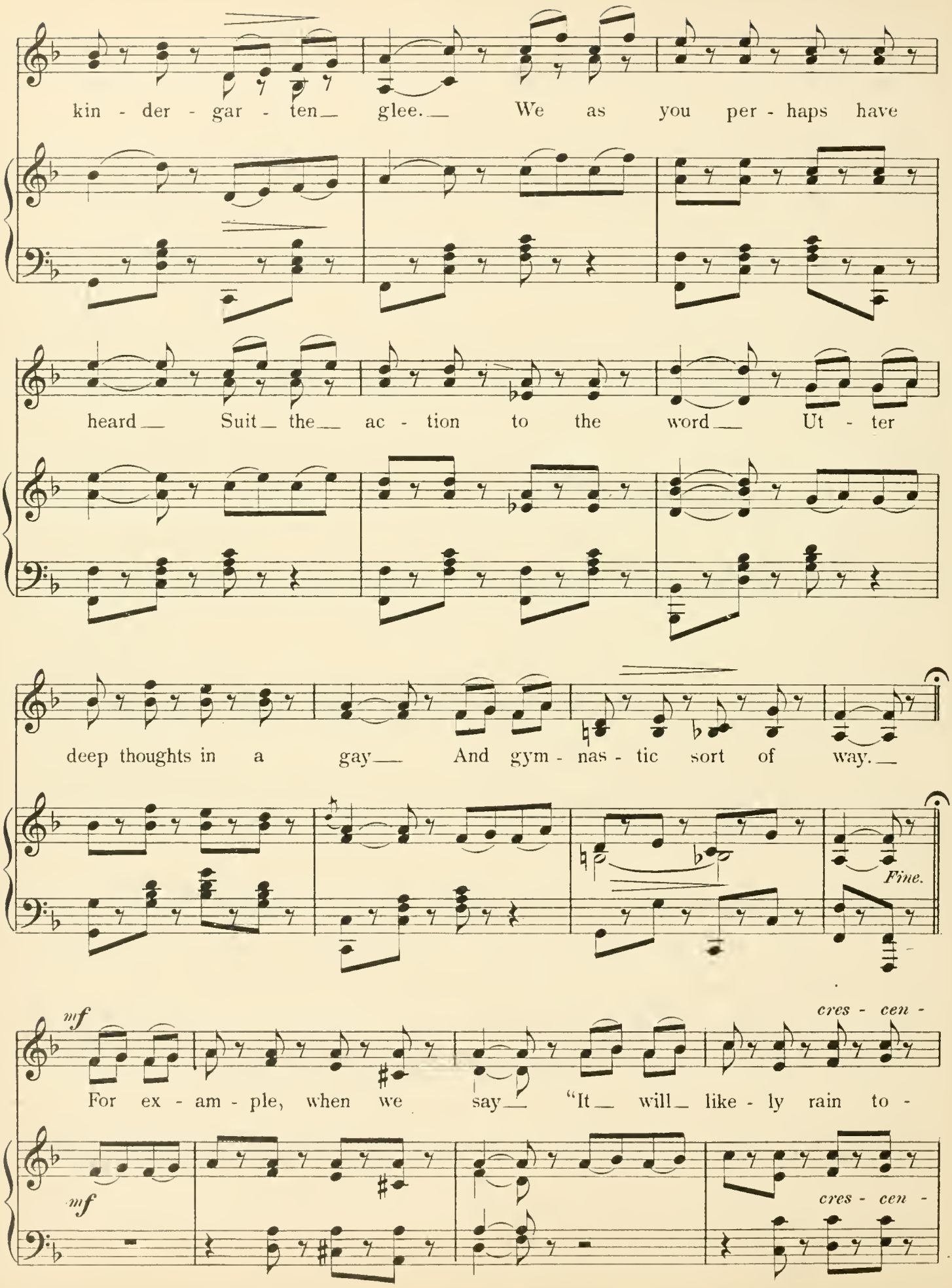
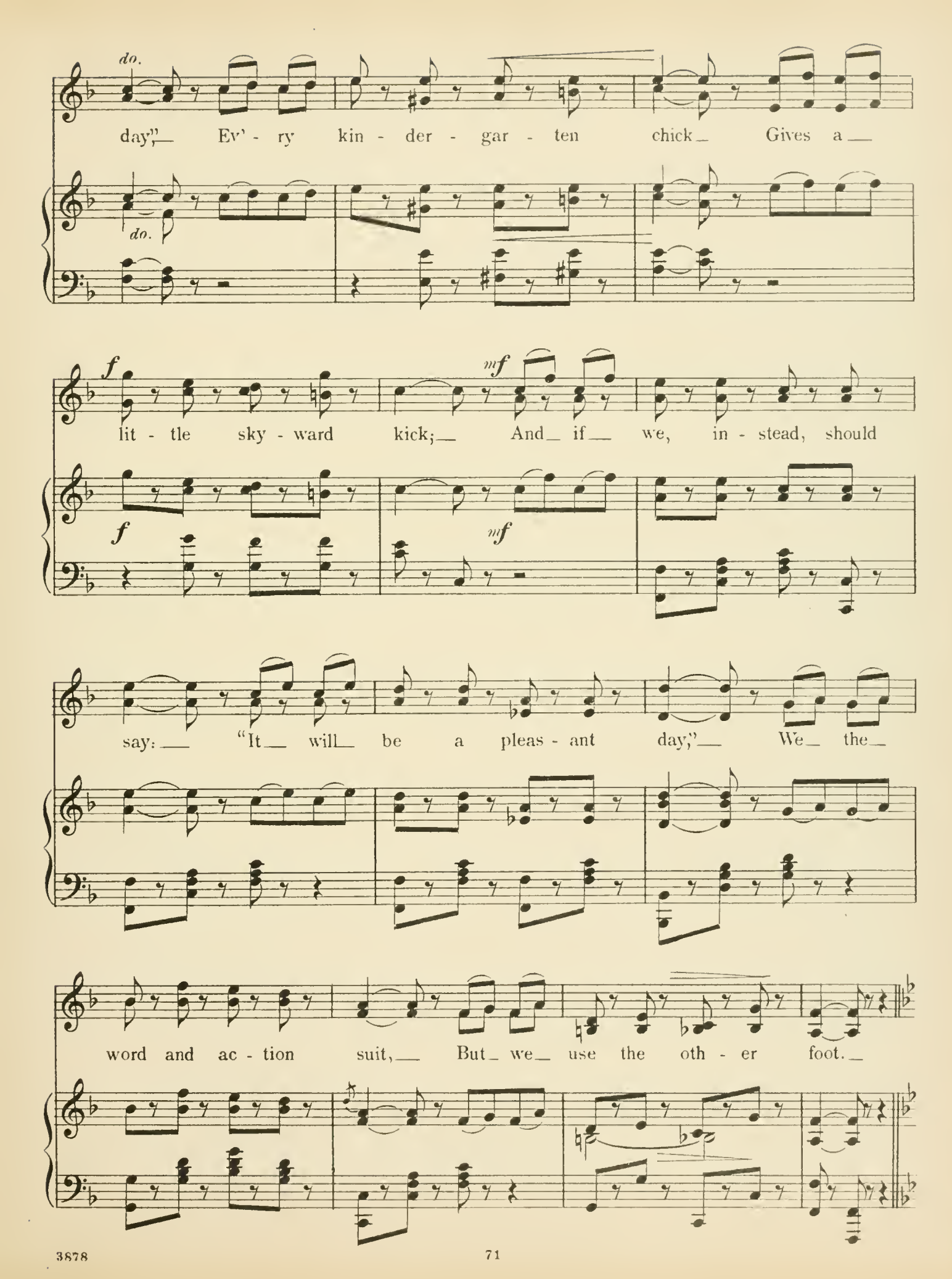
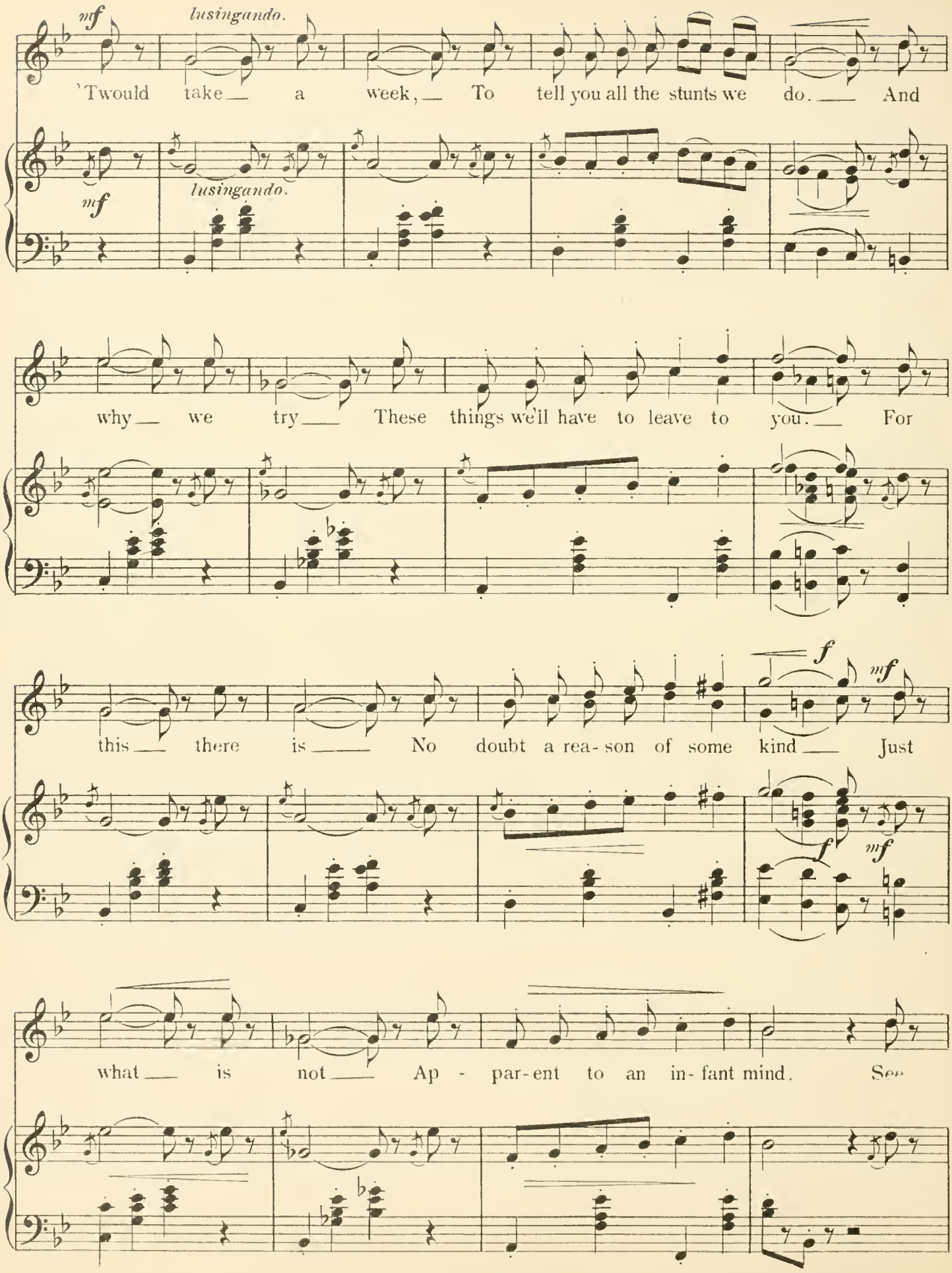
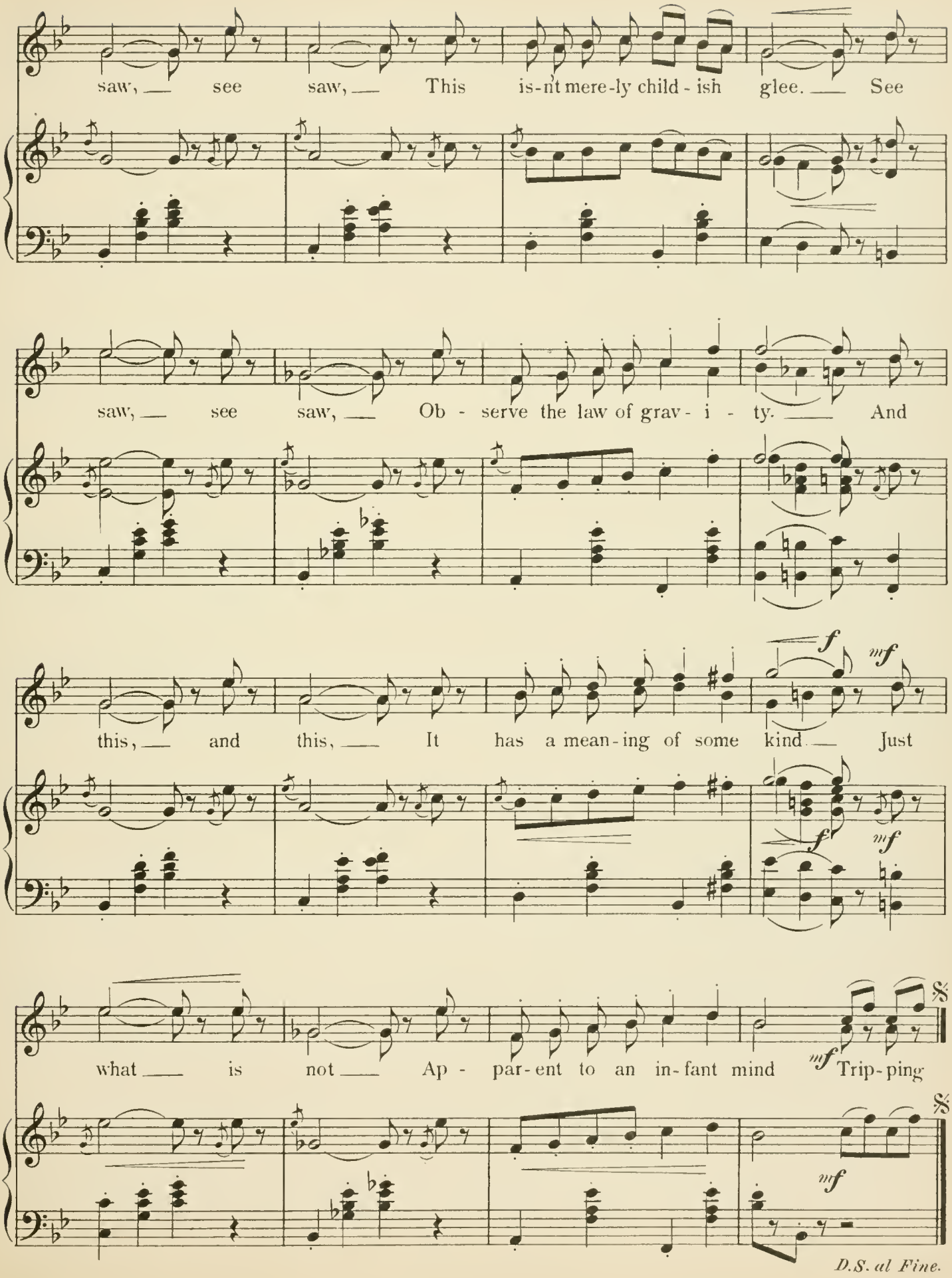

kin - der - gar - ten glee. We as you per - haps have
heard Suit the ac - tion to the word Ut - ter
deep thoughts in a gay And gym - nas - tic sort of way.
Fine.
mf
cres - cen -
For ex - am - ple, when we say "It will like - ly rain to -
mf
cres - cen -


do.
day," Ev' - ry kin - der - gar - ten chick Gives a
do.
f
mf
lit - tle sky - ward kick; And if we, in - stead, should
f
mf
say: "It will be a pleas - ant day," We the
word and ac - tion suit, But we use the oth - er foot.


mf
lusingando.
'Twould take a week, To tell you all the stunts we do. And
mf
lusingando.
why we try These things we'll have to leave to you. For
this there is No doubt a rea- son of some kind Just
f
mf
f
mf
what is not Ap - par- ent to an in- fant mind. See


saw, see saw, This is-n't mere-ly child-ish glee. See
saw, see saw, Ob-serve the law of grav-i-ty. And
this, and this, It has a mean-ing of some kind. Just
what is not Ap-par-ent to an in-fant mind Trip-ping
f
mf
D.S. al Fine.

It Simply Happened So.

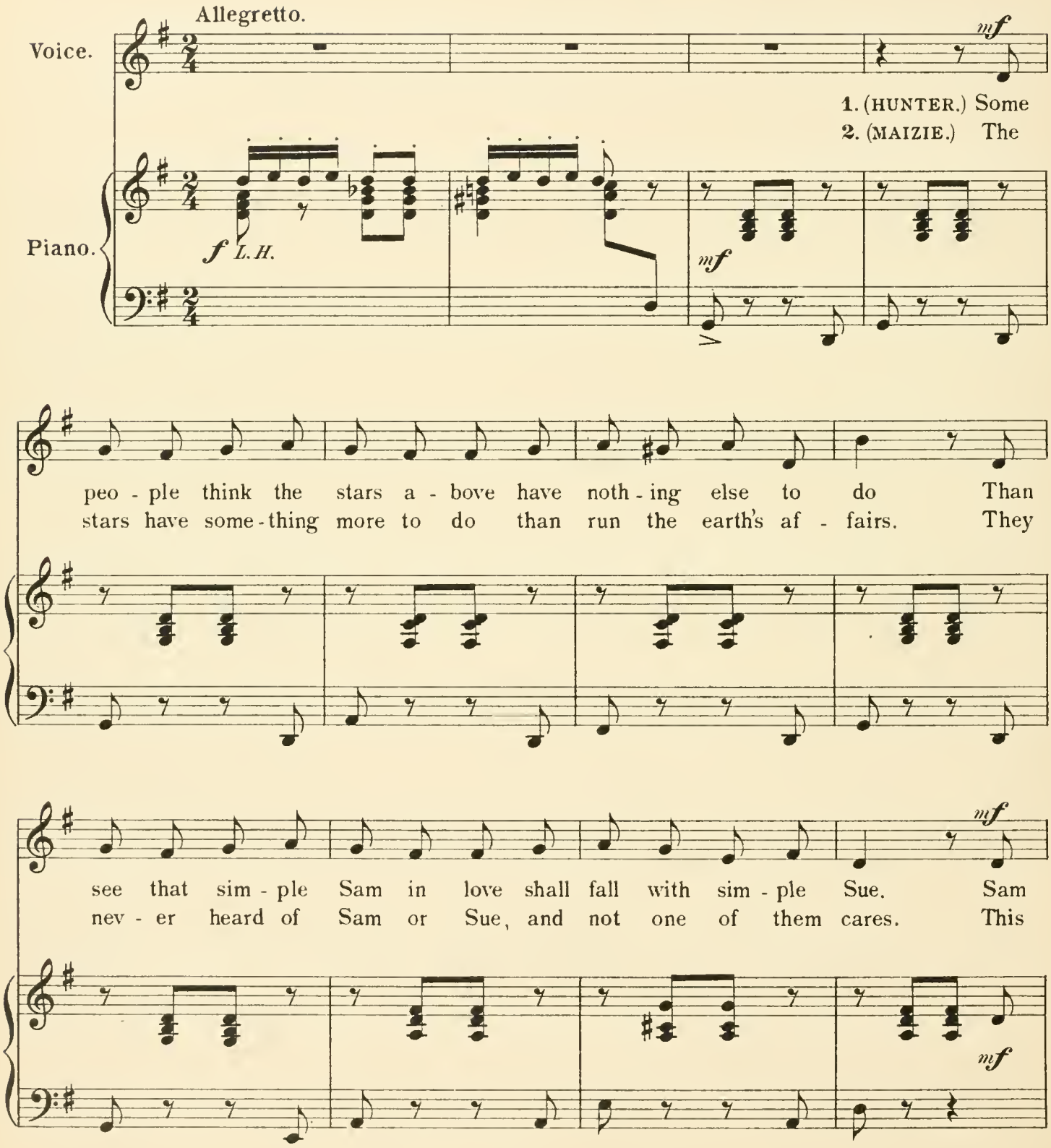
DUET.

(Hunter and Maizie.)

№ 14.

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.



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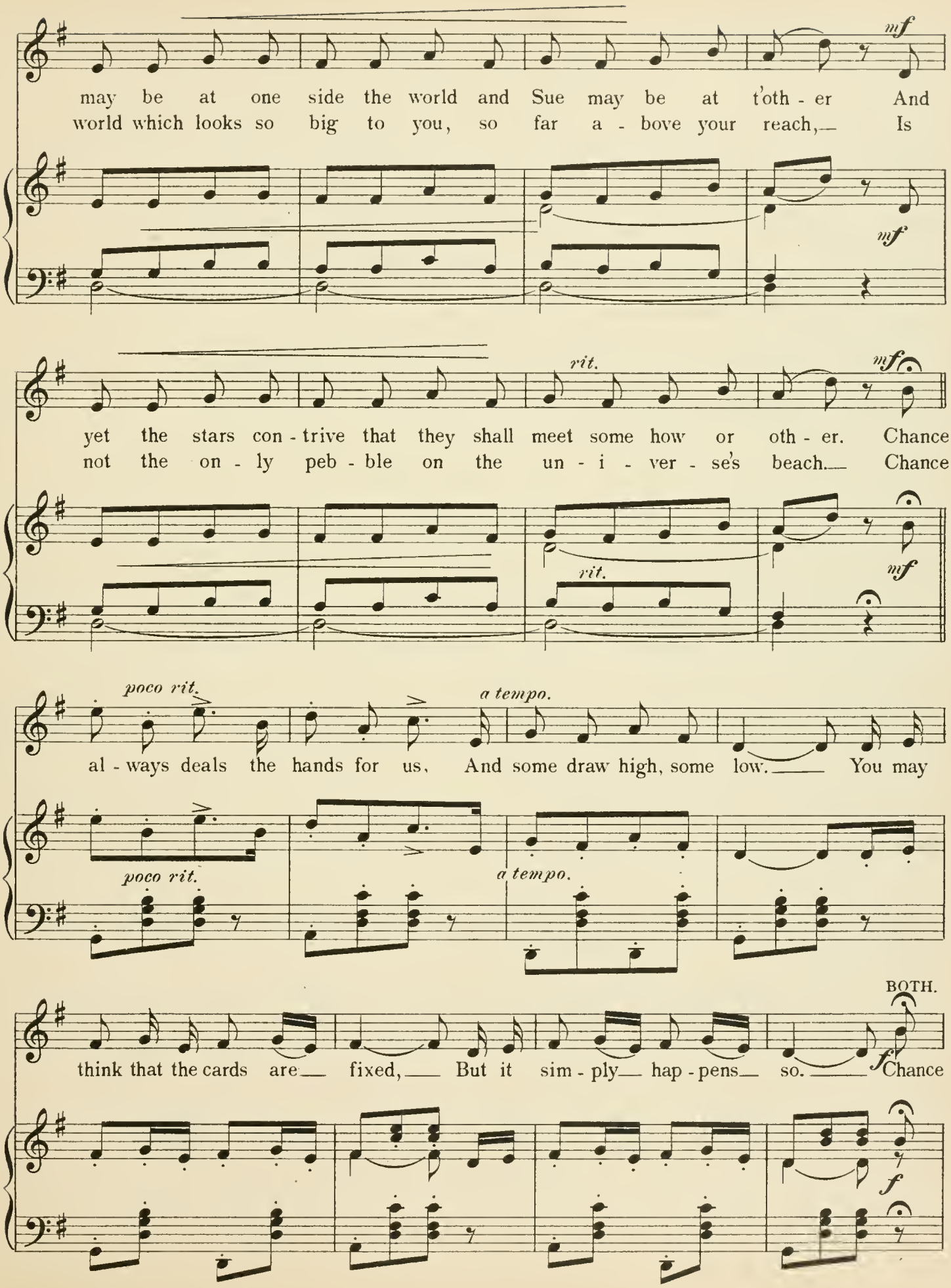
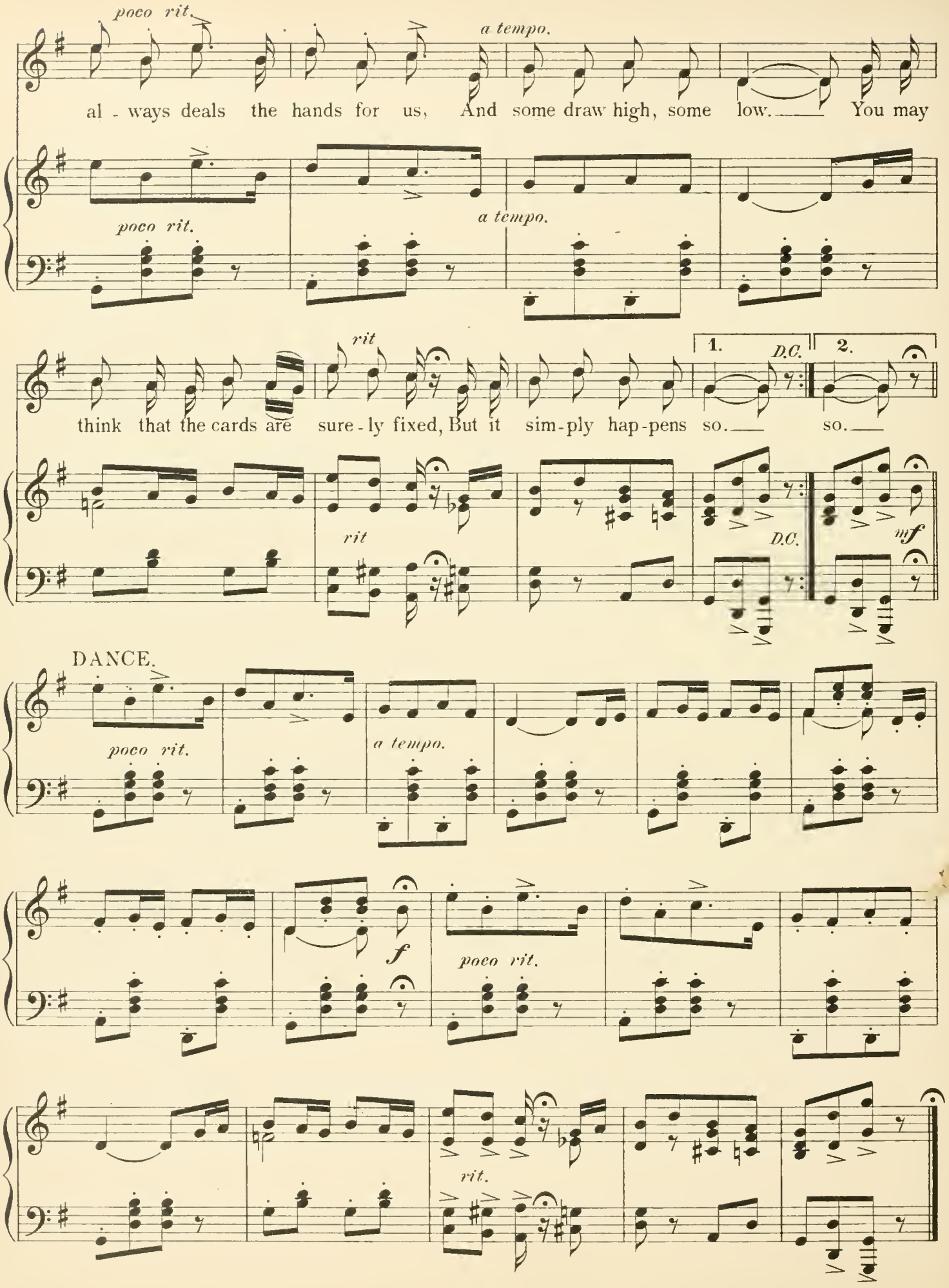

mf
may be at one side the world and Sue may be at t'oth - er And
world which looks so big to you, so far a - bove your reach,— Is
mf
rit.
mf
yet the stars con - trive that they shall meet some how or oth - er. Chance
not the on - ly peb - ble on the un - i - ver - se's beach.— Chance
rit.
mf
poco rit.
a tempo.
al - ways deals the hands for us, And some draw high, some low.— You may
poco rit.
a tempo.
BOTH.
think that the cards are— fixed,— But it sim - ply— hap - pens— so.— Chance
f
f


poco rit.
a tempo.
al - ways deals the hands for us, And some draw high, some low. You may
poco rit.
a tempo.
rit
1.
D.C.
2.
think that the cards are sure - ly fixed, But it sim - ply hap - pens so. so.
rit
D.C.
mf
DANCE.
poco rit.
a tempo.
f
poco rit.
rit.

№ 15.

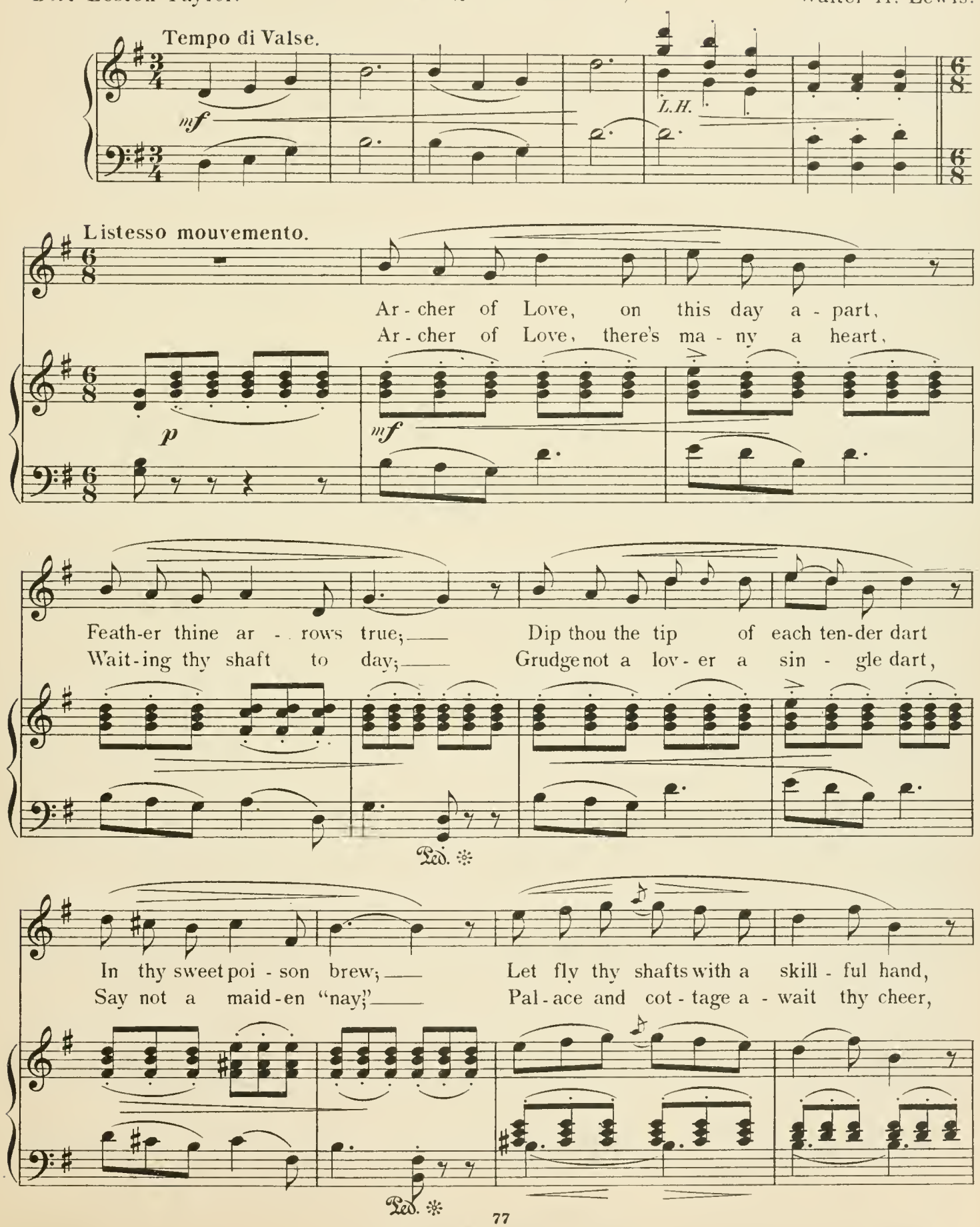
Is There a Maid?

WALTZ SONG.

(M'lle Qui Vive and Chorus.)

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.



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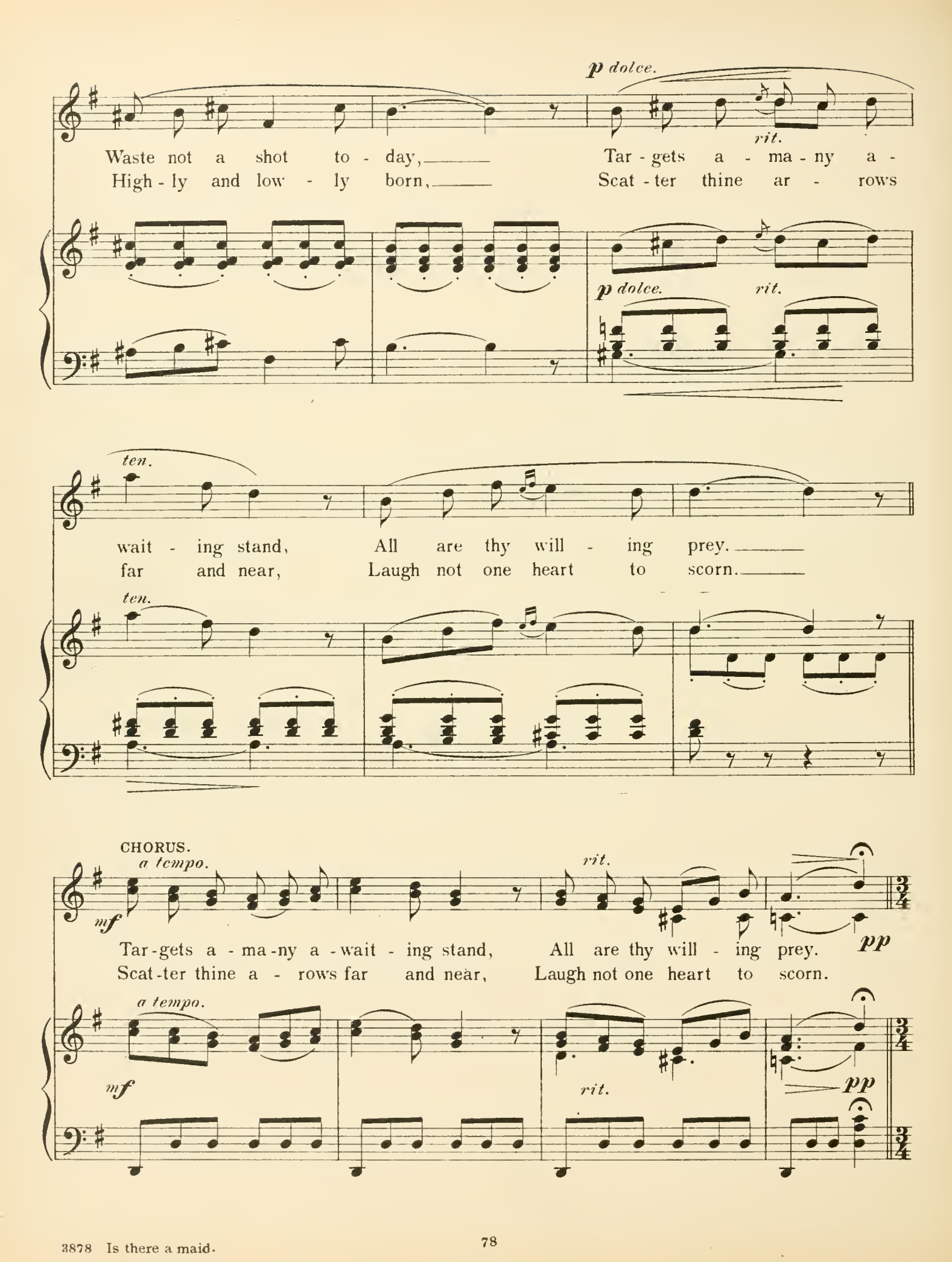

p dolce.
rit.
Waste not a shot to - day, Tar - gets a - ma - ny a -
High - ly and low - ly born, Scat - ter thine ar - rows
p dolce.
rit.
ten.
wait - ing stand, All are thy will - ing prey.
far and near, Laugh not one heart to scorn.
ten.
CHORUS.
a tempo.
mf
rit.
Tar - gets a - ma - ny a - wait - ing stand, All are thy will - ing prey.
pp
Scat - ter thine a - rows far and near, Laugh not one heart to scorn.
a tempo.
mf
rit.
pp

Valse moderato.

SOLO. *mf*

Is there a maid? That has gain-said, Lov-er's im-port-u-nate

mf

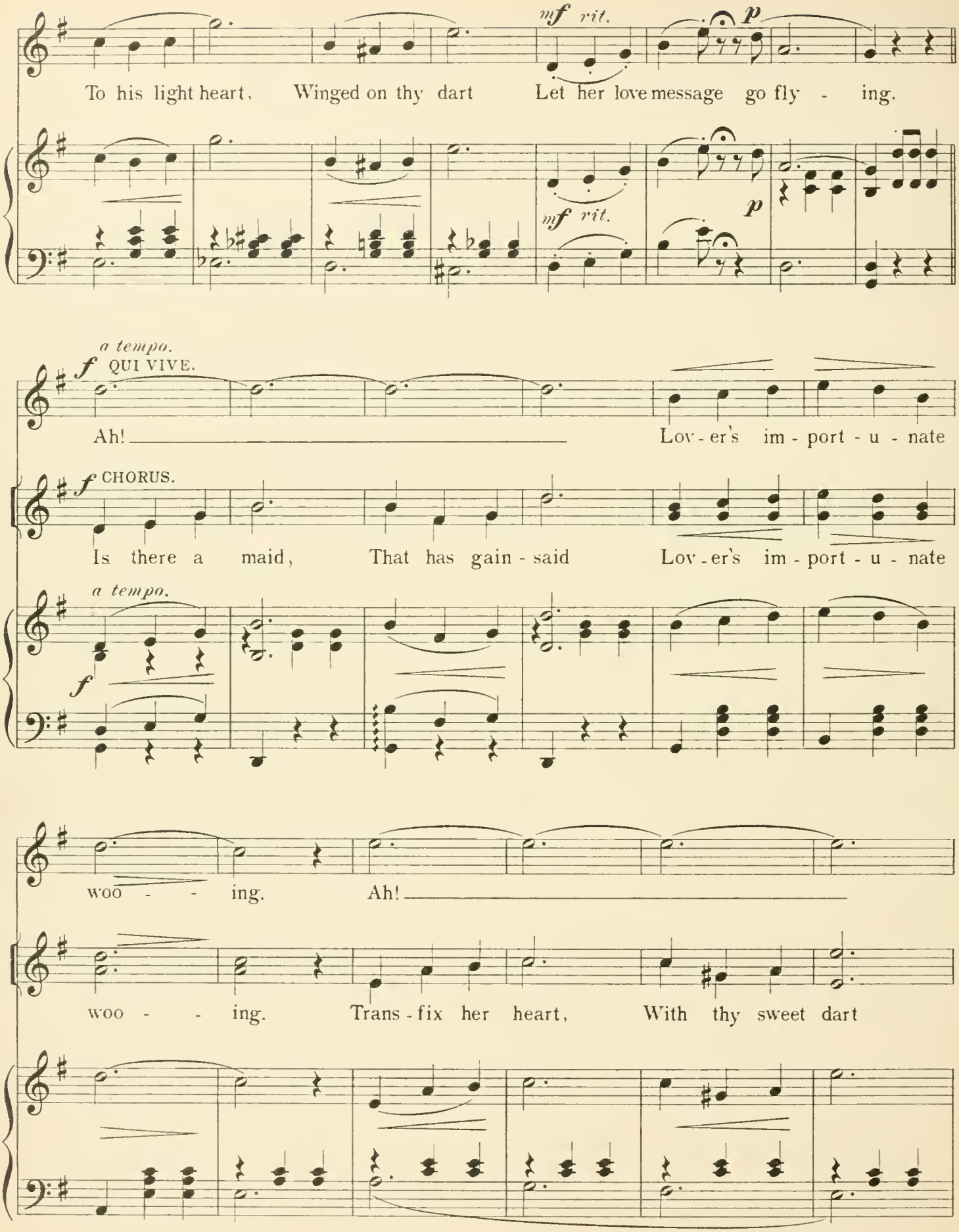
woo-ing? Trans-fix her heart, With thy sweet dart,

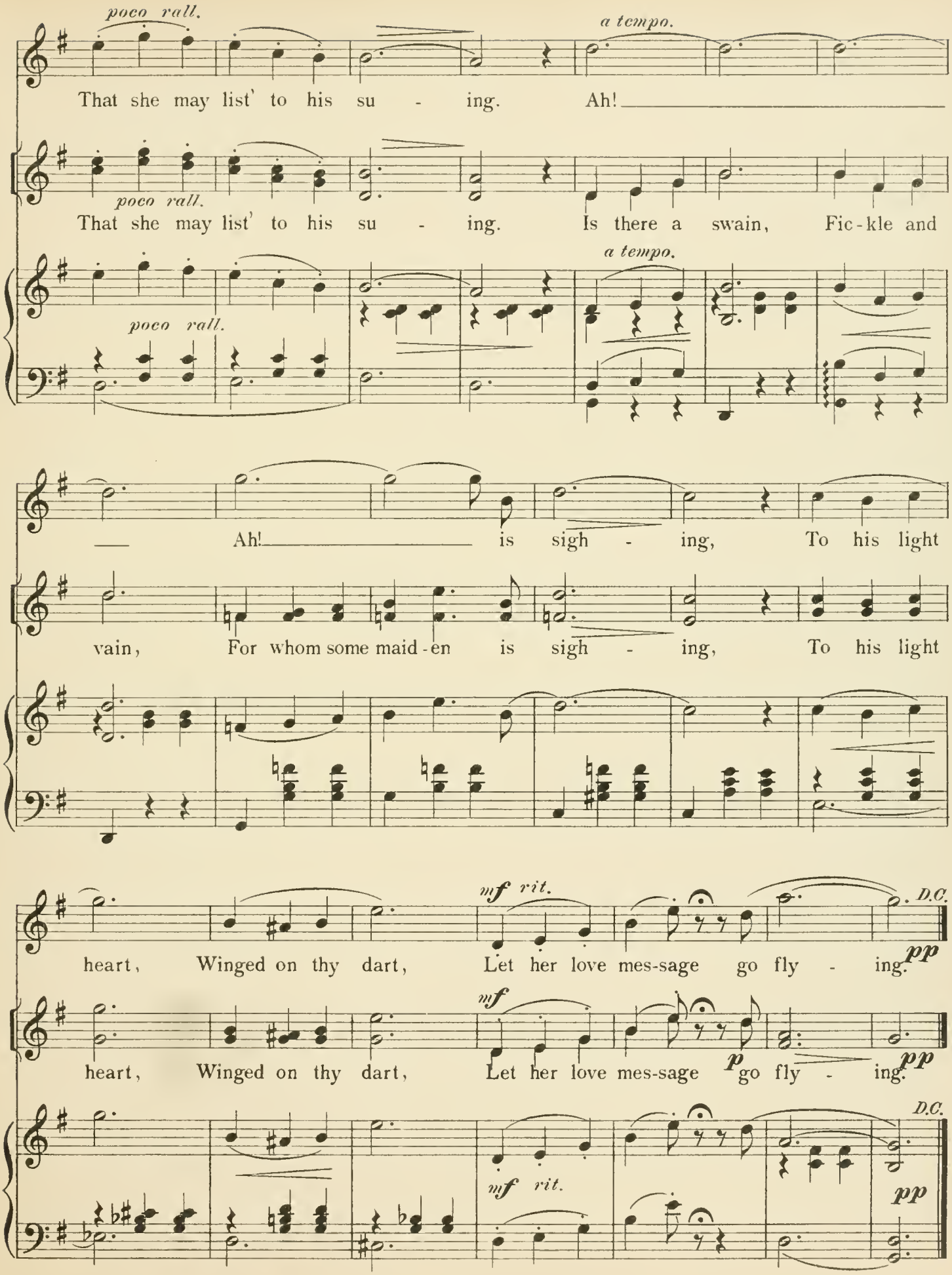
poco rall. *a tempo.*

That she may list' to his su-ing; Is there a swain,

poco rall. *a tempo.*

Fic-kle and vain, For whom some maid-en is sigh-ing?


mf rit.
p
To his light heart, Winged on thy dart Let her love message go fly - ing.
mf rit.
p
a tempo.
f QUI VIVE.
Ah! Lov - er's im - port - u - nate
f CHORUS.
Is there a maid, That has gain - said Lov - er's im - port - u - nate
a tempo.
f
woo - - ing. Ah!
woo - - ing. Trans - fix her heart, With thy sweet dart


poco rall.
a tempo.
That she may list' to his su - ing. Ah!
poco rall.
That she may list' to his su - ing. Is there a swain, Fic-kle and
a tempo.
poco rall.
Ah! is sigh - ing, To his light
vain, For whom some maid-en is sigh - ing, To his light
mf rit.
D.C.
heart, Winged on thy dart, Let her love mes-sage go fly - ing.
pp
mf
heart, Winged on thy dart, Let her love mes-sage go fly - ing.
p
pp
D.C.
mf rit.
pp

№ 16.

The German Mannerchoer.

S. Max Nix and Chorus.

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.

Moderato.

TEN. I.
TEN. II.

f Tra - la, Tra - la, Tra - la La, la,

BAR.

f Tra - la, Tra - la, Tra - la *mf*

BASS.

f The rose is

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

sweet, The rose is white That blooms on Ju - lia's breast to -

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

night, The rose is sweet, The rose is red That nods to -

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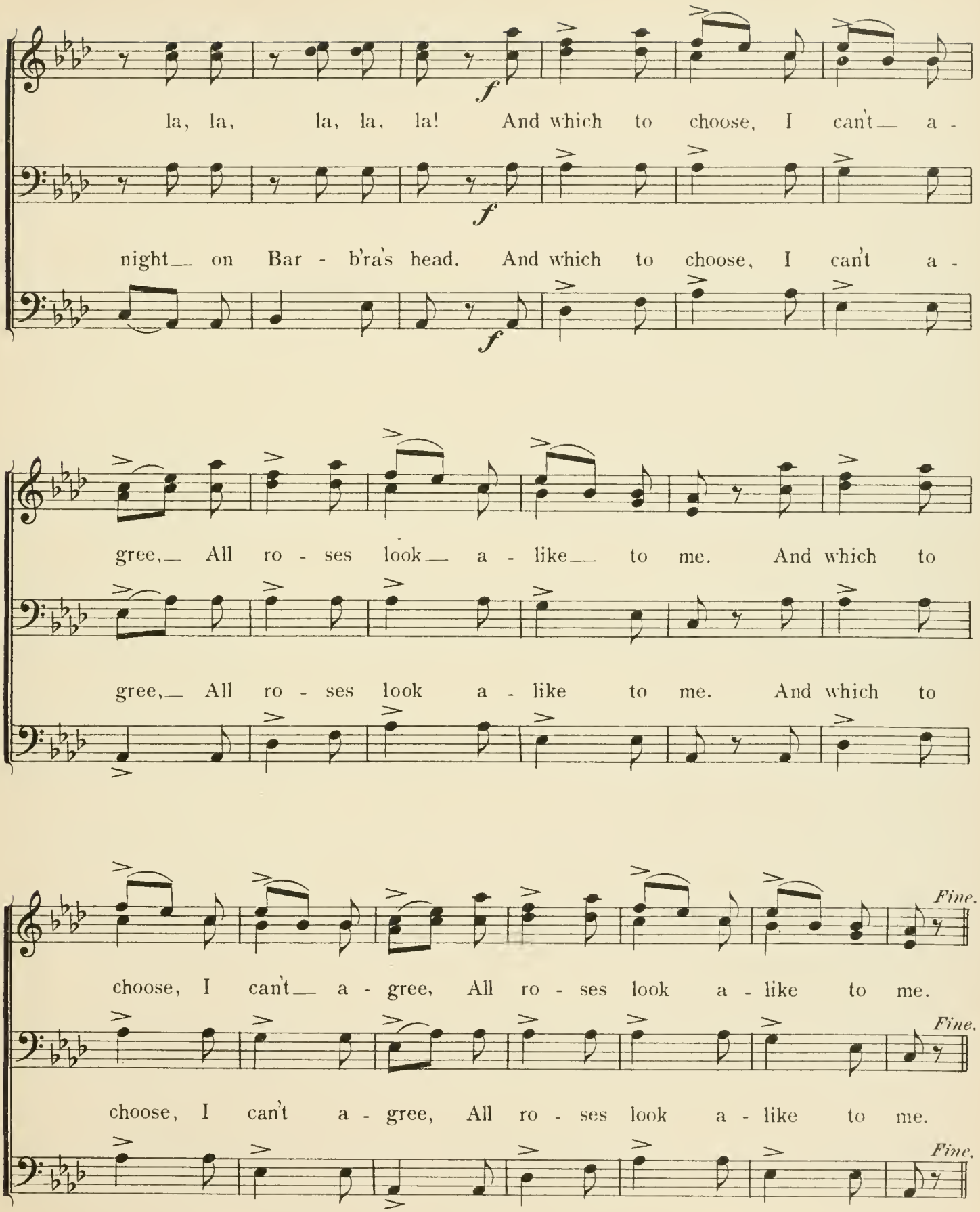

la, la, la, la, la! And which to choose, I can't a -
night on Bar - b'ra's head. And which to choose, I can't a -
gree, All ro - ses look a - like to me. And which to
gree, All ro - ses look a - like to me. And which to
choose, I can't a - gree, All ro - ses look a - like to me.
Fine.
choose, I can't a - gree, All ro - ses look a - like to me.
Fine.
Fine.

Oh! rose on the breast of

mf *mf* *dolce.*

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

mf *mf* *dolce.*

la, la, la, la, la, la, Oh! rose on the breast of

sffz *mf*

Dr-r-r - - m la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Ju - - lia, Oh! say if her heart be true _____ Oh!

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Ju - - lia, Oh! say if her heart be true _____ Oh!

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

rose in the hair of Bar - - b'ra Is she half as sweet as

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

rose in the hair of Bar - - b'ra Is she half as sweet as

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

you. How hap - py I'd be with eith - - er If

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

you. How hap - py I'd be with eith - - er If

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

t'oth - er were but a - way, Oh! help me to choose sweet

ff *pp*

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

ff *pp*

t'oth - er were but a - way, Oh! help me to choose sweet

ff *pp*

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

ro - - ses, say, which shall it be? Oh! say!

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

D.C. al Fine.

ro - - ses, say, which shall it be? Oh! say!

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

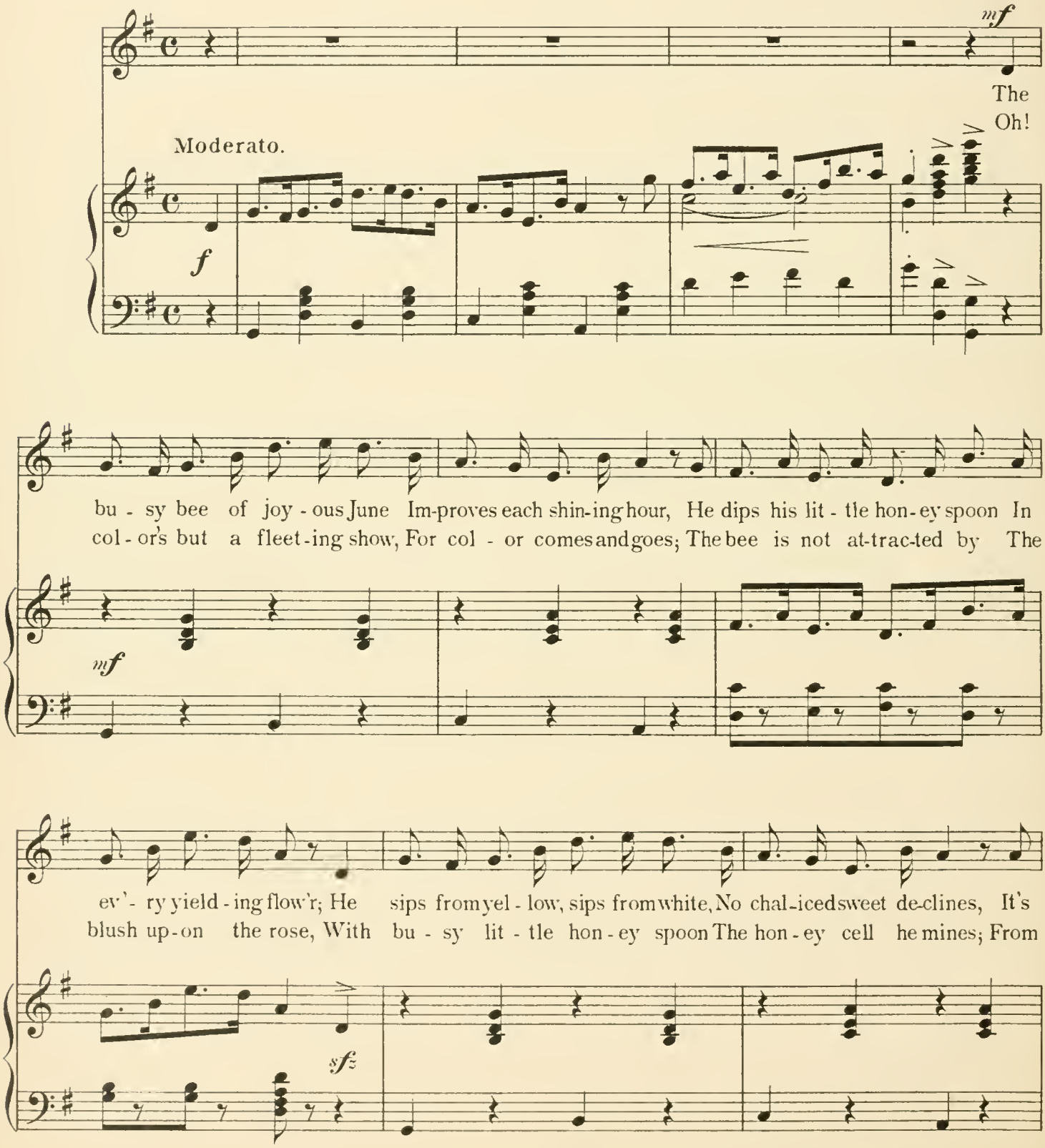
Cupid Might Have Been a Little Coon.

№ 17.

M'lle Qui Vive, Maizie Fields, Bonaparte Hunter and Chorus.

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.



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all the same in his sweet game, He draws no col - or lines.
lip to lip he goes to sip, And draws no col - or lines,

mf

mf

For hon - ey is sweet, sweet, wild — or tame, —

sfz *mf*

Dark is sweet-er, so dark - - folk claim, But hon-ey, is hon-ey, hon-ey

just the same; Ac - cord - ing to the bu - sy bee of June, — And

f *mf*

f *sfz*

Cu-pid is col-or blind, so, — they say — Does n't know white from black, or gray,

mf

For all we know to the con-tra-ry Cu-pid might have been a lit-tle coon. —

f

SOP. & ALTO.

CHORUS. *mf unis.*

For hon-ey is sweet, sweet

TEN. & BASS.

mf unis.

mf L.H.

sfz

wild — or tame, — Dark — is sweet-er, so dark - - folk claim; — But

unis.

hon-ey, is hon-ey, hon-ey just the same, Ac-cord-ing to the bu-sy bee of June.— And

f

unis.

f

sf

cu-pid is col-or blind, so— they say;— Does-n't know white from black or gray.—

f

For all we know to the con-tra-ry, Cu-pid might have been a lit-tle coon.

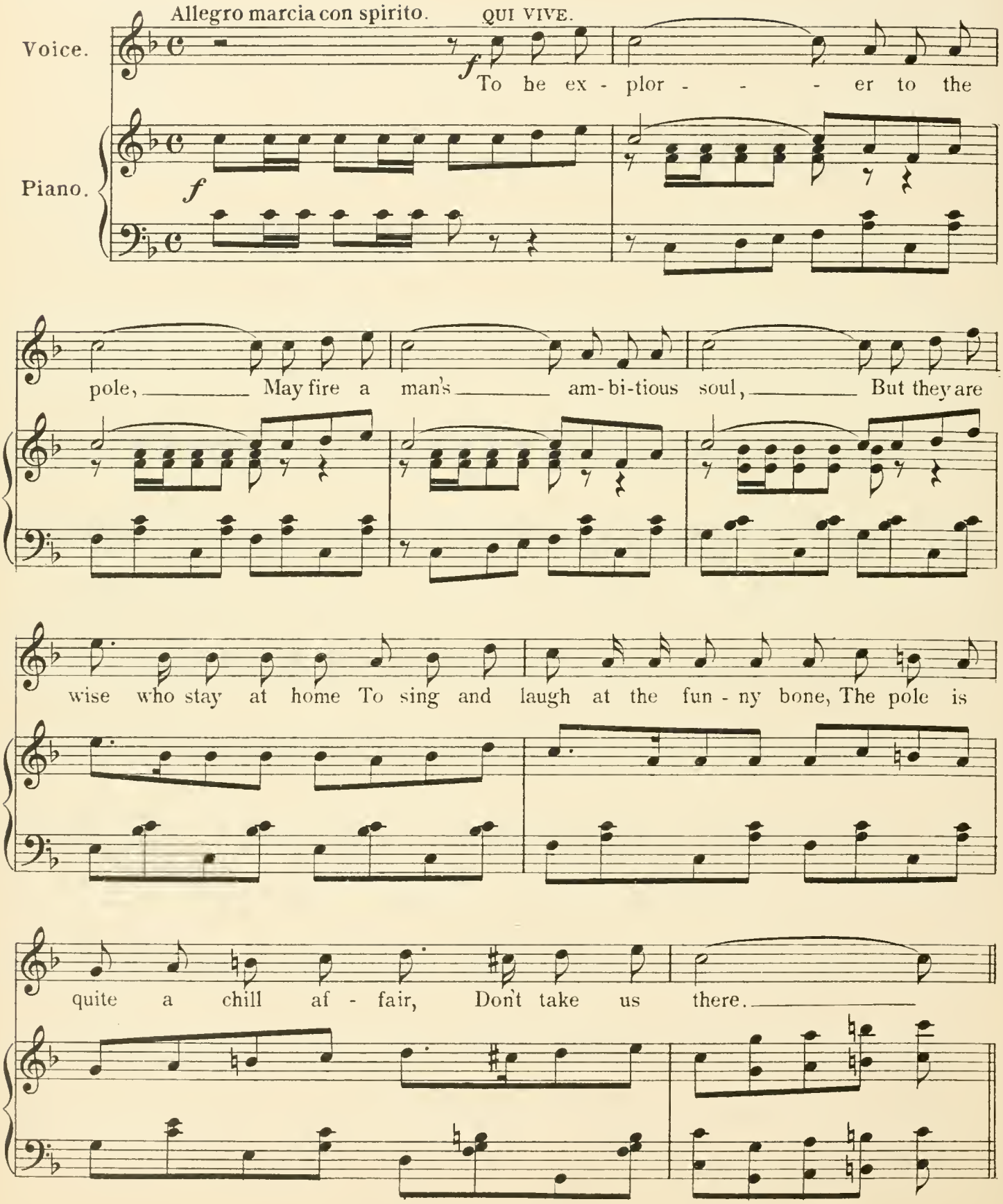
№ 18.

Finale II.

Principals and Chorus.

Lyrics by
Bert Leston Taylor.

Music by
Walter H. Lewis.



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CHORUS.

f

To be ex - plor - - - er to the pole, May fire a

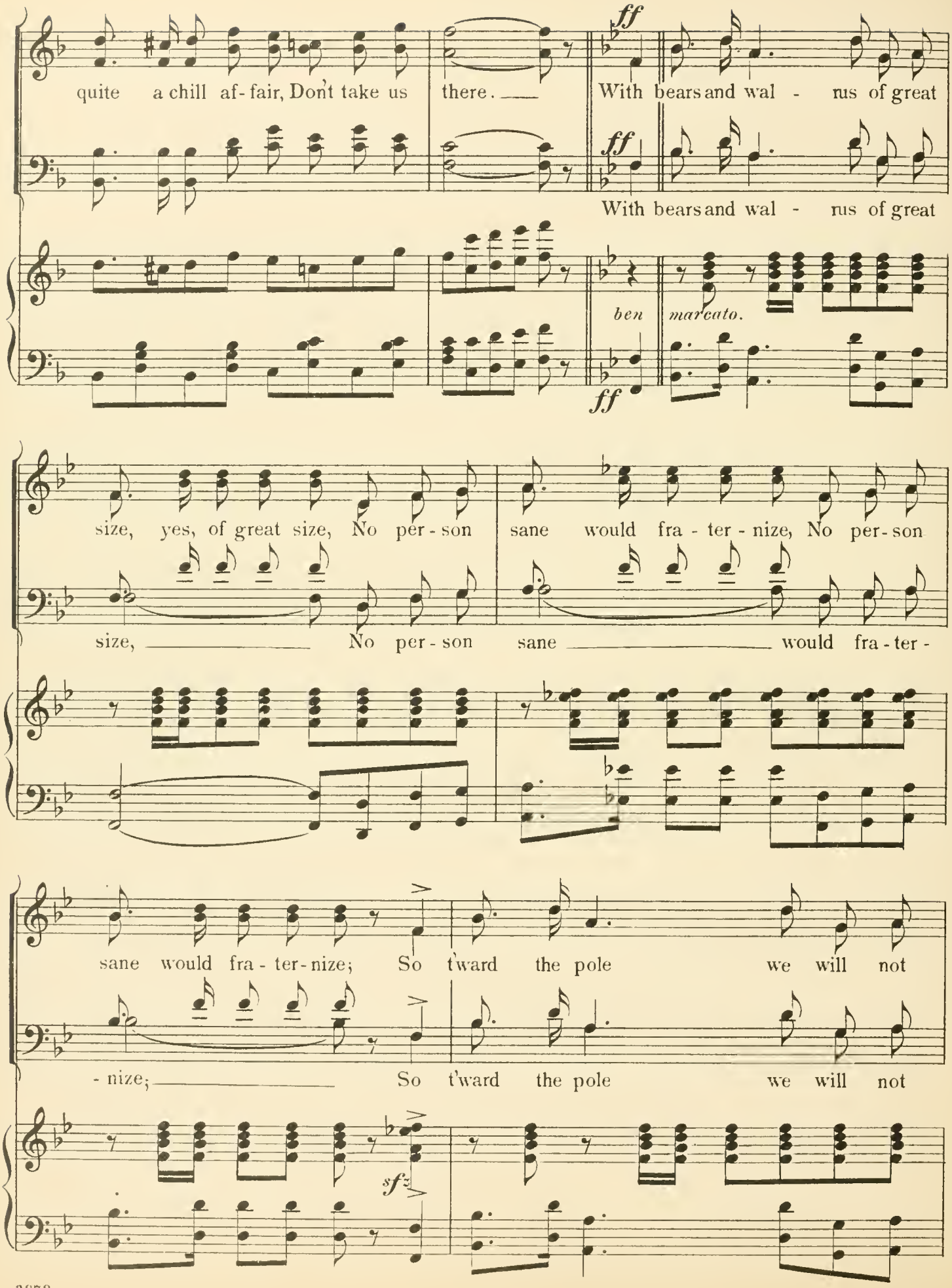
f To be ex - plor - er to the pole,

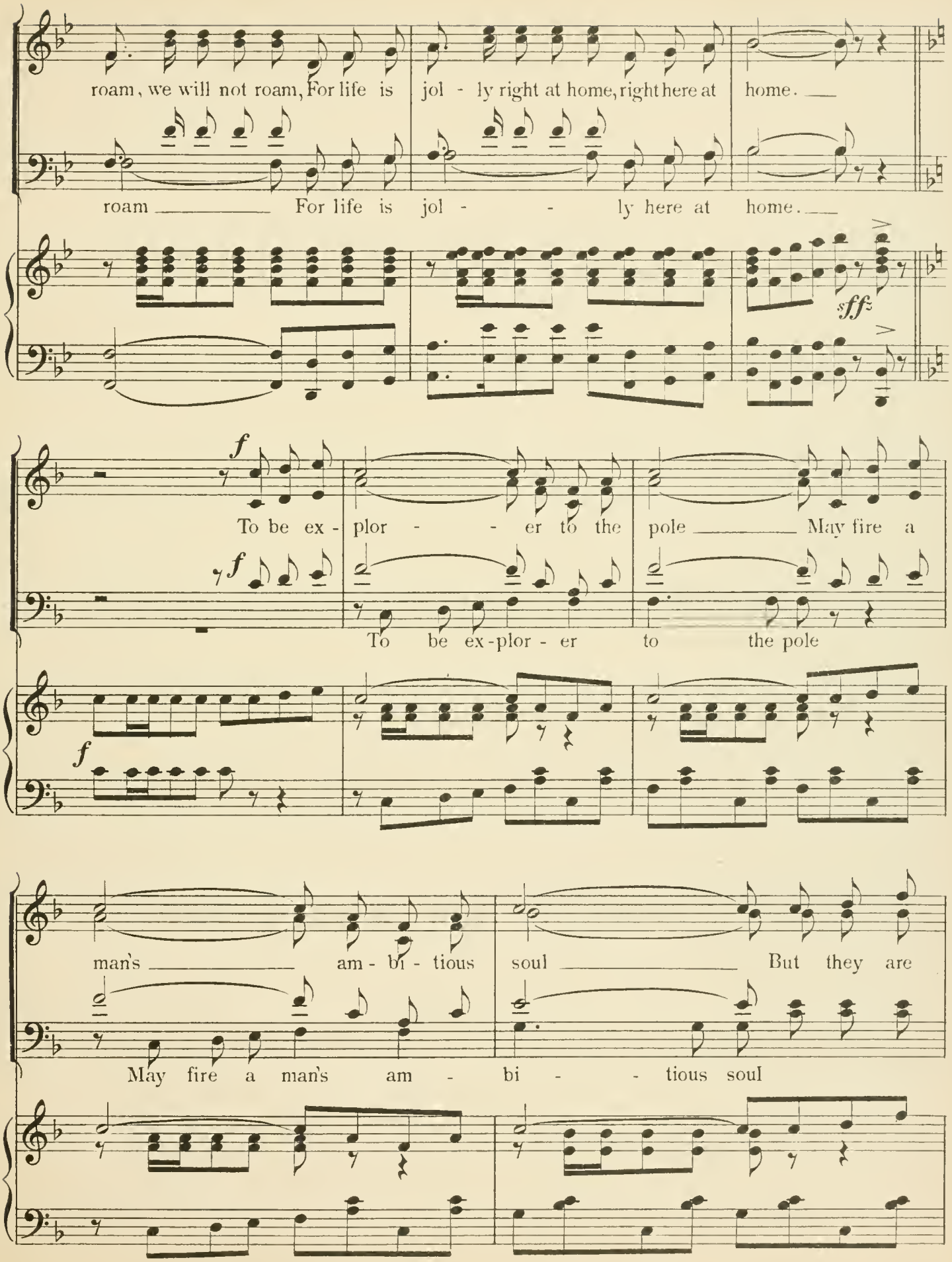
f

man's am - bi - tious soul, But they are

May fire a man's am - - bi - - tious soul,

wise who stay at home, To sing and laugh at the fun - ny bone; The pole is


quite a chill af-fair, Don't take us there.
ff
With bears and wal - rus of great
ff
With bears and wal - rus of great
ben marcato.
ff
size, yes, of great size, No per-son sane would fra-ter-nize, No per-son
size, No per-son sane would fra-ter-
sane would fra-ter-nize; So t'ward the pole we will not
-nize; So t'ward the pole we will not
sfz


roam, we will not roam, For life is jol - ly right at home, right here at home.
roam For life is jol - - ly here at home.
sff
f
To be ex - plor - - er to the pole May fire a
f
To be ex-plor - er to the pole
f
man's am - bi - tious soul But they are
May fire a man's am - bi - - tious soul

wise who stay at home, To sing and laugh at the fun - ny bone, The pole is

quite a chill af - fair, Dont take us there. To be ex -

plor - - - er to the pole, May fire a

To be ex - plor - er to the pole,

man's am- bi- tious soul, But they are

May fire a man's am - - bi - - tious soul,

wise who stay at home, To sing and laugh at the fun-ny bone, Don't take us there, Ah,

fff

fff

fff

no!

The End.

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THE EXPLORERS

Lyrics by
BERT LESTEN TAYLOR

Music by
WALTER H. LEWIS

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A French Marine Ashore 50
Cupid Might Have Been a Little Coon 50
The Happy Hotel Cleaners 50
My Lady Champagne 50
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Is There A Maid? 50
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